

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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HESTER'S HISTORY.

A NEW SERIAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVI. MISS JANET'S COMMUNICATIONS,
AND A STORY OF A PASTY.

"A VERY nice girl indeed," pronounced Lady Helen, "and does great credit to Mary's judgment. She is so well-bred she actually makes one look to one's manners. I am only afraid that her instep is too high, and her shoulders have too elegant a slope."

"I never heard that those were signs of delicacy," said Mrs. Hazeldean. "And I think she looks healthy, if not very robust."

Lady Helen opened her languid eyes. "How odd your are, Margaret," she said. "I did not speak of health. I mean that I am afraid she is too much of a lady."

"She is not above her work," put in Miss Janet, impelled by honesty to speak from her experience.

"She is not a fool, I can tell you," said Miss Madge.

And these were some of the comments that were made upon Hester. Sir Archie, who was present when they began, suddenly left the room before they were finished.

"There he goes!" cried Lady Helen, "not a bit changed since before he went away. I am sure there is something on his mind. He will read the papers; he will ponder and fret about the rebels. I have written to Mary about it. I can do no more."

The Honourable Madge began to hum. She was knotting a silk purse for her favourite Archie; and she gave herself a little rock in her chair after she had accomplished each knot. She began to hum snatches of a pet doggrel of the glens.

"Archie Munro! Archie Munro!"

Blessings go with you wherever you go!"

"I do fear he is getting into trouble," mourned Lady Helen.

"Long may the blast of the war-bugle blow,

Calling to battle brave Archie Munro!"

hummed the Honourable Madge in her little cracked voice.

"Leave Archie to himself," said Mrs. Hazeldean, hastily, raising her voice to drown the words of Madge's song. "Not one of us here is fit to advise him. He will act for the best."

"I wish you would hold your tongue, Madge," whimpered Lady Helen. "I don't think you would care if he were carried off from us to-morrow. And it's very easy for you to talk, Margaret, about his acting for the best, but I tell you that I have always been subject to presentiments."

Lady Helen's nostrils and lips began to quiver, and Mrs. Hazeldean saw a rising storm of terror in her eyes. Therefore Hester was immediately sent for to take her ladyship's dimensions for a dress; which timely diversion of the nervous lady's thoughts was a godsend in its results to all the household.

"I shall ask you, Miss Cashel, to come with me and take a look over my wardrobe," said Lady Helen, rousing herself, with a sigh, to make the effort of encountering a frivolous necessity. "I am afraid you will be shocked at the state of neglect in which you will find it. Your nice ideas will be offended at seeing fashions six months old. For what with anxiety of mind, and the natural carelessness which steals upon one in a quiet place like this, I must own I have been neglectful of some of the duties of my state in life."

"They accumulate, you see," said Lady Helen, looking round her with a victimised air, while Hester stood aghast, among rows of scarce-worn dresses. "The time will go on, and one's clothing must be renewed. Dresses will multiply, although I am so moderate. Queen Elizabeth had a dress for every day in the year, Miss Cashel. And yet she lived, you know, in comparatively a barbarous age."

Lady Helen put in that "you know" with an emphasis, and a manifest satisfaction, which showed how finely she appreciated the luxury of having a lady who had probably read history, for her dressmaker.

When Hester went back to her tower room, carrying a load of finery in her arms, she found Miss Janet established at her fireside. A soft misty rain was drifting down the glen beyond the window. The world outside looked wrapped up in a rent white garment, some shaggy crowns of mountains, and some straggling arms of trees being here and there thrust through the ragged holes.

Miss Janet nodded at Hester when she entered, and went on warming her silk-shod feet at the pleasant glow in Hester's grate. She had picked out the most comfortable chair,

and lay lazily backward, looking down upon Hester's busy movements out of the dusky half-shut corners of her saucy brown eyes. Had she been a trifle less impertinent, Hester might have felt herself grow confused at such unexpected and continued observation. But the very excess of the rudeness made it seem folly to be disturbed by it. It was so plain, that the lady must be herself quite aware of it; and being thus aware, she must soon apologise and desist. Yet there was an uncomfortable feeling upon Hester that this proud Miss Janet Golden had taken an extraordinary dislike to her, was going to patronise her, and persecute her, and haunt her life, and trouble her. So thinking, but determined to be proof against little stings, she set forth her working materials, her box, and her little table, her reels of silk and her reels of thread, her scissors and her needle-case, her bodkins and her thimbles; and she picked and she snipped, and she ripped out and she puckered in, with a very cheerful face, and Miss Janet looking on.

After a good long time, Miss Janet got up (Hester never minding), and came and stood before the seamstress, and remained there gazing and chafing, and gazing still and chafing more; and Hester still taking no notice of her, she suddenly caught up the mass of work—a delicate fabric of tulle and lace—and, wipping it up in her arms, sent it flying to the other end of the room, where it sank in a soft heap, and lay ignominiously in a corner.

"Would you sit there till Doomsday, you contented thing! sewing and sewing, and smiling to yourself? Would you?"

"Lady Helen's dress!" gasped Hester.

"Dress! dress! dress!" cried Miss Janet.

"Nothing but dress! Let it lie in the corner. It will do it good. I have been wanting to tell you something this hour, and you would not look up. I envy you, I admire you, I wish that we might be friends. I envy you, because you have got something to do, because you have not to go yawning about the house all the morning, falling asleep on all the couches, if lucky enough to be able to do it, and longing to pick out people's eyes, just for want of an occupation. I envy you, because you have not got everything you could wish for, because you look so pretty in that plain, plain gown, and were never in your life heaped up with gew-gaws as I am. And I would like to be friends with you, because you know how to make me ashamed of my impudence; and you cannot believe what a new sensation that is. And I would also like to be friends with you, because you are a fresh natural thing, coming into this place where we are all of us oddities. All of us oddities, I tell you. Sir Archie is an oddity of goodness; Lady Helen an oddity of silliness; Miss Madge is an oddity of oddness; and I am an oddity of discontentedness."

Hester felt a little giddy with surprise by this time; but, naturally, the sensation was a pleasant one, especially coming so close upon her former fears.

"Do stop sewing for a while, till I talk to you," said Janet, seating herself comically on a little low stool, and looking up at Hester. "I want to tell you about myself. You see I am so selfish that I can hardly take an interest in anything but myself. I have been brought up to it. I think about myself, pamper myself, pity myself, hate myself; and this takes up my time pretty much from morning until night. I never was taught anything better than I could do. But somehow I never felt inclined to talk much about myself before. Now that the impulse has come, perhaps I may talk something off, and feel the better for it. I don't know."

"I can listen and sew," said Hester.

"No, you can't. At least you ought not to be able to do it," said Janet. "One thing is tiring enough at a time, at least I find it so. Perhaps, however, nothing tires you. I should not wonder. Well, I have got everything in the world that can be thought of. I have a beautiful slice of England, all my own. They call it Amberwolds. Every mile of it is a very garden of English order and beauty. I have a house—it has not the grand, wild, tamed-savage look about it that this old place has got, neither has it that air that you feel in these old rooms, which makes you want to keep dropping on your knees every moment, as if you were in a church. But it is a lightsome, brightsome, handsome, modern hall, with every new luxury and appliance under the sun; and too large, I believe, for any number of people that could be counted to live in. Well, I have plenty of money in banks and places. And I have carriages, and horses, and servants, and jewels; and I can put my foot on anybody's neck when I like it. You needn't smile; I am not going to try yours."

"It all did very well for a time. I liked to be made a fuss about at school. I liked to be able to make rich presents to people, and see them looking astonished and overwhelmed. I liked coming home and being cheered by my tenantry, having bouquets presented to me by the village children, and being talked about as the youthful heiress. I enjoyed my two seasons in London, and then, at the end of the second, I began to get tired of being so stuffed up with pleasure. I was like Johnny or Harry when he has eaten too much plum pudding. And yet I went on eating and eating. Everything sickened me. I had done everything, seen everything, felt everything, and there was nothing more beyond, as far as I could discern, nothing for the latter half of my life, which I supposed I should have to go through like the rest of the human kind."

"The people were all the same, till I could have knocked their heads together, in hopes of making a variety. Cut two men out of paste-board, one after one pattern, another after another, two women the same, paint them and varnish them, and look at them through a multiplying glass; and there you will have society. And neither of the patterns suited me. The men were either too silly, or too clever for me. The women were like myself, sick of every-

thing, choked up with flattery and amusement, looking desperately about to see if this were really all the world had got to offer them; or else they were worse, that is, contented at heart with the worthlessness of what they had got, yet pretending to be sick of it like the rest.

"Then I went back to my great house in the country, but I was no bigger in its vastness than a maggot in a cheese. And the place did not want me. Everything was going on too well. The people were all happy, my agent was wise and careful. I was quite a superfluous article in my own establishment. I was too small for my big possessions. They wanted somebody with a great mind and a great heart to make use of them. I had neither. I could only waste money on my own petty frivolous desires. Dresses, and jewels——"

Miss Janet paused. Hester looked down on the luxurious creature who was complaining so bitterly, and laid her hands together involuntarily as she thought with a sudden joy of the Mother Augustine.

"What are you smiling at?" Miss Janet said. "Well, there was a time came after that—I think the country after all did me good—when I got happy for a while, when I could have actually sat a whole day at a window like you, doing sewing, and smiling in a plain, plain gown. Could you believe it? But I am not going to tell you about that time. Bah! what was I talking about a moment ago? Dresses and jewels. You shall see my jewels."

And she ran away, and came back with a great brass-bound box in her arms.

"I am going to dazzle you, and make a picture of you," she said, and began loading Hester with bracelets and necklets, glittering chains, and blazing crosses, green gems, and purple gems, yellow gems, and diamonds.

Hester submitted to the operation with a smiling wonder at the novelty and absurdity of the scene.

"Now," she said, "I am like an Egyptian idol. I am a monster of magnificence."

"You are a Scheherazade—a 'beautiful Persian'—a fairy queen."

"A fairy queen would have dewdrops and bits of rainbows for her ornaments," said Hester. "She would be ashamed of your hard glaring stones and your clanking metals."

"So you despise them!" said Janet. "Well I would rather have your golden hair."

After this Miss Janet's affection for Hester seemed to grow and strengthen every day. Hester was an interest for her in this old-fashioned, dull castle, where she had only been pretending to have an interest in things before. "You shall not do any sewing for me," she said; "you will have enough on your hands between Miss Madge and Lady Helen. You shall teach me to sew, and I will sew for myself." And she actually did pick a new gown to pieces, and set to work to put it together again with a needle and thread. Whether she ever wore the said gown after this performance it is happily not necessary to recollect. But the responsi-

bility of a great labour on her hands often brought her to take a seat at Hester's side. And she was not fond of silence, having met with a companion to her taste. Having, unasked, made a confession of her own feelings and circumstances, she claimed the right to expect that the seamstress would give her a like history of her (Hester's) experiences. But Hester was not eloquent according to her desire. Yes, she had been for some years at a good school. Yes, she had learned her art from a first-rate modiste. It would have been rude so to question her, had Janet met her in a drawing-room; but in a tower-room, with a needle in her hand, it was only sympathising and kind. But Hester was not communicative, was sometimes a little distressed. Yes, she had had a friend who had taken an interest in, and protected her. The name of that friend? Oh, there was the pink gauze floating into the fire! What a narrow escape for Miss Madge's new scarf!

Then, very often, Lady Helen came fluttering in, like an elderly butterfly, perched upon a chair for a little time, viewing with exquisite satisfaction the delicate operations which were progressing, but soon fluttered out again to her couches, her novels, and her dogs. And if any awful whispers should be going rustling about the passages, be sure the whisperers took care that Lady Helen's door was shut.

But, more often a great deal, there came Miss Madge to visit Hester. The Honourable Madge had also her rooms in the tower, just a flight of winding stairs below Hester. And the Honourable Madge held it a Christian thing to be neighbourly; and, though come of a noble lineage, as she was careful never to forget, yet the Honourable Madge was so far a model Christian as to feel warranted in being neighbourly in excess with a nice young lady seamstress, who sat stitch, stitch, stitching at Miss Madge's elegant raiment, in the chamber above her head.

She grew so very neighbourly, indeed, that of a wintry evening, when Lady Helen and Miss Janet stepped, shivering in lace and gossamer, into their coach to drive half a dozen miles in search of their dinner, she, Madge, would come tapping to Hester's door with overtures for a mutual cup of tea. It was Hester's hour of ease, the hour when she wrote her letters. Her sewing of the day was laid aside, her fire was burning brightly, her desk open on the table.

"You do look so comfortable, my dear. Ah, you sly thing, hiding away your letters! My dear, I have a soft corner for young hearts. This is a lover, I have no doubt."

"Not at all," said Hester, flushing indignantly, but keeping her hand upon the superscription of her letter.

"Well, well, child, I did not mean to offend you. But you look so very secret about it. Put it away now for the present. I have ordered up some tea."

Miss Madge had just finished her evening

excursion round the passages and byways of the castle. She had been "up-stairs, and down stairs, and into my lady's chamber." With a dark shawl covering her usually gaudy dress, with her ringlets pushed out of her eyes, with the likeness of her lover a little awry upon her forehead, and with her finger laid on her lip, Miss Madge was in the habit of going prying about the servants' quarters, listening at the doors, taking cold in her eyes with looking through the key-hole of Sir Archie's study door. But it must not be thought that Miss Madge had any sinister motive in these excursions. She did not want to know if Mike were making love to pretty Bridget, nor to be able to report that Polly was wearing her ladyship's new velvet spenser of an evening. It was only that poor Madge was possessed by the fearful uneasy spirit of the times. She went prying about in hopes of picking up the smallest scrap of news, like a famished bird seeking for crumbs. She had not always lived in a remote castle like this; she had been used to more liberty, which she liked in her wild way. The servants were not offended at her spying. They pitied her for having to live in times like these in a drawing-room, where tongues had less freedom than they allowed to themselves in the kitchen or pantry.

"I ax your pardon, ma'am, for the bluntherin' big brute that I am! But the devil a bit of informashun is to be had these couple o' days!" Pat would say, indulgently, when he met her in some shady corner, and nearly ran her down with his tray.

Perhaps it was the workings of this uneasy spirit, the desire to talk upon forbidden subjects, that drew her so near to Hester, who had evidently a kindred hunger for the secrets of the times.

"Ah, my dear," she said, parenthetically, sipping her tea, in the pauses between her stories of her political experiences, "I was not always shut up in a stifling place like this, where nothing changes from year's end to year's end but the weathercock. Not but what it is comfortable, and respectable, and—ancestral, and all that. And some people must live walled up in an old castle, or family tradition, the poetry of an ancient lineage, and that sort of thing, would be scattered over the world and quite lost. But I lived in Dublin, my dear; this time last year I was in Dublin, and I warrant you I knew then which way the wind was blowing!"

By this time the Honourable Madge had finished her tea, and possessed herself of the poker, her favourite plaything. And she fell to raking out the two lower bars of the grate, till a long red gulf was laid bare, with rough heads and promontories; or it might be a wide fiery dungeon, with jutting buttresses of walls here and there, a rugged stooping roof, blocks, benches, and chains. This last idea was the one which Miss Madge laid strong hold of.

"Christmas in the dungeon, my dear," she said, with a little wave of the poker, explaining

the vision which she had unveiled behind the bars. "Scene, Kilmainham Jail; time, the blessed Christmas in the year of disaster, seventeen hundred and ninety-six. 'When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,' my dear. See how they all crowd round the table, looking into the dish!"

Miss Madge's voice was triumphant, the poker was balanced on her fingers, her eyes were riveted on the burning cinders. Hester, all excited, a little frightened, but very curious, sat gazing from Miss Madge to the fire, and from the fire to Miss Madge.

"Russell breaks the crust," Madge went on, "and sinks back in his chair. See him, the brave, gentle Russell! Nelson starts up, and dives his hand into dish. Young Teeling—poor boy!—claps his hands and shouts, Hurrah! 'Three cheers for our Christmas dish! Three cheers for the prisoners' pasty!' Ah, my dear, it was an excellent pasty, though I say it, who should not say it; for I helped at the making of it. I was staying with my friend M. I will not mention her name, my dear, for fear of accidents," said Miss Madge, looking over her shoulder. "My good friend M., as notable a housekeeper and as sound a politician as could be found in or out of the three kingdoms. She had got papers in charge—a bundle—worth a sackful of patriots' heads. She fretted about it so much that the flesh was fading off her bones. Those who entrusted the papers to her keeping said, 'We have come to so desperate a pass that only a woman's ingenuity can help us.' And she turned to me in her dismay and whispered, 'Madge, could you not manage a disguise, and offer for a situation as turnkey?' But I said, 'M. (I will not mention her name, my dear), I said, my good friend, why should I put myself so much out of my way when you are such an excellent hand at making a pasty.'

"'Making a pasty?' she said; but there never was a sharper woman at taking a hint. And we made the pasty. Such a pie crust! Blown up high like a soap bubble, rich and melting, crisp, and of a lovely light brown. And I'll warrant you there was inside meat substantial for prison digestion, and seasoning fit to tickle prison palates. Letters, my dear, and foreign newspapers, and home newspapers, with a goodly supply of writing materials to help to raise the crust. And never fear but we made our petition skillfully to the authorities, representing our womanly wish to give the captives—so sadly far from the heads of their own dinner-tables—a harmless little treat on Christmas-day. And never fear but the governor was pleased to take in the dish, accompanied as it was by one similar in size, smell, and general perfection of appearance which came craving a humble corner on his governorship's own board. My dear, a pasty of such exquisite flavour was never turned out of an oven. The governor and all the little governors tasted of it, and our captives got their pie.

"My dear, I was so uplifted about it that

my head was nearly turned, and I almost spoiled it all. I met my Lord Castlereagh that evening at a soirée, and I could not hold my tongue."

"My lord!" I said, "you would not guess on what a notable occupation I have been engaged this afternoon?"

"His lordship bowed.

"I have been making a pasty," I said.

"A pasty?" said his lordship, quite astray.

"A pasty," I said. "Would not your lordship like a slice?"

"When I looked at M., who was beside me, she had turned white, and like to faint. But his lordship only put his finger to his forehead, on the sly, as he turned away with a friend. I did not mind his thinking me mad, my dear. The far-fetched idea was a providential inspiration. Ridiculous as it may seem, it covered my indiscretion."

Many more tales like this did Miss Madge relate to Hester; but were I to follow her never so swiftly through them all, I should utterly lose the thread of this, my history. But Lady Humphrey had the pith of them all in Hester's faithful letters.

CHAPTER XVII. SIR ARCHIE TAKES A WALK DOWN THE GLEN.

It happened that on a ruddy November morning, Sir Archie met Hester coming along one of the shadowy, cloister-like upper corridors, with her arms full of white draperies—materials for finery no doubt—which fell over her shoulders, and drooped to her feet, and swathed her about like a winding-sheet. It might have been the reflection from all these white things, but her face seemed pale and her eyes had a startled look. Hester was nearly scared out of her life by the fears and wonders of the times, learned from nods, and signs, and hints of the servants, and the fantastic whispers of the Honourable Madge.

Hester curtsied to Sir Archie; who bowed low to Hester, as low as if she had been a duchess. He stepped out of his way to open the door through which she had to pass; for which civility Hester dropped him a second curtsy; for which second curtsy Sir Archie made her another bow.

After she had vanished, Sir Archie walked down to his library with a slightly vexed look on his face. And he knew why he was vexed, which is not always the case with every one; but Sir Archie was not a man to be vexed about nothing. The trouble had passed from his face, however, by the time he took a book from the table and opened it at once at a place in which a mark had been laid. It was a volume of old-fashioned "characters," which most people know.

"She doth," said the noted page, "all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will nor suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well."

Sir Archie read with a peculiar smile, laid

down the book, and went out. He whistled to his dogs, and set off to walk down the glen.

There was an autumn flush still lingering about the world; though the frost was in the air. Very glorious colours dyed the mountain's sides, and a lustrous haze had strayed down out of the clouds and trailed its ragged splendour through deep gloomy gorges, and over bluff rocky crowns. The sea lay in the distance, a plain of misty blue, with moving streaks of violet where the clouds were passing. The foam of the river, the ascending smoke from cottages, a white gable, a yellow thatch, all caught a glow from that crimson blush with which the sun looked on the earth. Trees on high ground were getting bare; the golden bars of cloud began to show between their trunks, behind the fretwork of their branches, almost stripped.

Sir Archie walked leisurely down the glen. He had a word to say here and there, and he turned aside into fields, and made descents into farm-yards or orchards that he might say it. He stopped at the forge at the corner of the road. The blacksmith was shoeing a farmer's horse, and Sir Archie had a chat with the blacksmith and the farmer. It was no use to think of talking of hay only; of a new roof for the forge; of the supply of turf saved for the winter among the poor; of the good harvest. The news of the day would be spoken of, and curses would come out, and fists would be clenched.

"You're a kind man, Sir Archie, an' a good lan'lord," said the blacksmith, sturdily, "an' my heart's wish and duty to you an' yours! But do you go an' talk about pace to them that hasn't got the steel between their ribs. I have a brother in the county Wicklow, an honest man, an' a good peaceable man, an' that man was sent home to his wife an' childher the other day with a pitch cap on his shaved head. My sarvice to them with a willin' heart! but they've manufactured a couple o' rebels to their hand, at wan sthroke!" And the blacksmith let fall his heavy hammer on the anvil, so that the red iron quivered, and the sparks flew up in showers all about his grim face.

The farmer was a gentle-looking old man, who had been riding a horse to that forge to be shod for over sixty years at the least.

"My son, your honour," he said, clearing a huskiness out of his throat, and beginning to speak in a quivering voice. "Your honour, my son——"

But suddenly broke down and burst into tears.

Half an hour afterwards, Sir Archie, proceeding on his way, left the two men still cursing and mourning over the anvil.

A bit further down the glen, a turning in the road brought him face to face with the happy eyes and bright cheeks of Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Who is sick or scheming now?" he said. He was much more like the brother of his handsome aunt than her nephew. Sometimes he

even assumed an elder brotherly manner; which amused Mrs. Hazeldean highly.

"We are well met," he said. "I was just going to storm you in your parlour."

"Well," said she, "you can escort me back to my parlour, if that will do for you as well. Have you anything very particular to say to me?"

"Something so particular that I cannot say it on the highway. Especially as we are coming so near the village."

"Some more evil news, I suppose," said Mrs. Hazeldean, sadly.

"No," said Sir Archie, "I think not. It is a matter purely personal, at all events."

"Purely personal," said Mrs. Hazeldean, relieved. "Is it anything about Janet?"

"A little about Janet," said Sir Archie, smiling.

Mrs. Hazeldean gave her head a little shake, and sighed, but said nothing; only quickened her steps towards her own door. Already her mind's eye beheld a wedding taking place: a wedding which she did not long to see.

She untied her bonnet-strings, and sat down upon her sofa. Sir Archie took a chair, and sat facing her and the light, resting his arms upon her dining-table.

"Now for it!" he said, and a grave change came over his manner. "Well, Aunt Margaret, I have come here all the way for the purpose of asking you to take specially under your protection that young girl whom my sister Mary has sent to the castle."

"Has Mary written again?" said Mrs. Hazeldean. "I have made several efforts to know the girl, but she has always been too busy, as yet, to make new acquaintances. I hope they are not working her to death."

"Mary has nothing to do with this," said Sir Archie, sticking to his point. "I have come to you of my own accord, and for reasons of my own. I want you to take especial care of that girl for me."

"For you?" said Mrs. Hazeldean.

"For me," said Sir Archie, getting more earnest and quiet in his manner as he went on speaking. "Because, Aunt Margaret, some day when I have a good opportunity, when I have not quite so much care upon my mind, and when I have tried to pave the way towards some hope of success, I intend to ask that girl to be my wife."

Mrs. Hazeldean sat absolutely silent for the next three or four moments. Then she got up and came and stood beside her nephew.

"Archie," said she, with her hand upon his arm, "are you perfectly sane? My poor boy!"

"Quite sane, Aunt Margaret, and not a boy. That last is an important point for you to remember."

"But what does it mean, Archie? And who is she? And Janet—?"

"I will tell you what it means, and who she is, and about Janet," said Sir Archie. "Sit down again, Aunt Margaret, and let us be comfortable. I expect some little trouble at the castle, but I have counted upon you as my friend."

"Always, Archie; but, remember I am shocked."

"I know that; but I am going to make you easy in your mind. My mother, my sister, my aunt, have long been anxious for me to marry. Is that granted?"

"Yes."

"The lady they selected does not please me. I do not please her. The idea never did please Mrs. Hazeldean. Is that so?"

"That is so."

"Well, to-morrow I will have an interview with my mother for the purpose of assuring her that she must break off that absurd engagement, which never was more than a mockery. She made it, and she must unmake it. So far one difficulty will be disposed of. As to who she is, I will tell you; for I have made it my business to find out. Her father was an Irish gentleman, who died in banishment for his political honesty. If this be a disgrace, then many shining names are under a cloud."

"Disgrace!" said Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Well, I can tell you enough about her family when we have time. In the mean time another point has been established. And now, with regard to what is the meaning of it, I can only say I have thought of this ever since the first time—most certainly since the second time, I saw her. It is something all-important which has happened to me; that is all. You may say it is romantic, out of the ordinary course of things, anything you like. I can only say it is something which I hardly believed in, but have experienced and realised. I have passed by many women, and never felt inclined to turn my head to see which way they went. But now, why, I am so constantly looking over my shoulder that I can hardly see my way as I go along. There now is a confession for you, Aunt Margaret! You will understand about it better when you have closely observed her face."

"It is a good face," said Mrs. Hazeldean.

"A good face!" repeated Sir Archie, slightly provoked. "Well, as you say, it is a good face. Let that be."

"And the girl herself," said Mrs. Hazeldean; "how much does she know of all this?"

"Just as much as you knew an hour ago," said Sir Archie. "I will never enlighten her so long as she is in her present position under my roof. She shall not be annoyed and distressed, as she would be, as she must be. I will give myself a fair chance."

"A fair chance, Archie! Do you know some people would think you very odd."

"Maybe I am odd, Aunt Margaret. You ought to know."

"Yes, I ought to know."

"Well, I will never disturb her, until we have seen some way of changing her condition. When she is out of my mother's reach—for my mother will be angry for a time—and when she is in some more independent position, then I will set to work in my own way."

"And in the mean time? What is it that you want me to do?"

"I want you to have her with you as much as you can. I want you to know her; and I want her to know me here, and get accustomed to me. You will do this, Aunt Margaret?"

Mrs. Hazelden rose from her seat, and stood beside him again.

"You are determined upon this, Archie?" she said.

"Quite determined, Aunt Margaret. If you refuse to help me I will set to work some other way. Only of course you will keep my secret for the present."

"I have never seen any reason to distrust your judgment," said Mrs. Hazelden.

"Well, do not begin now. Will you promise me?"

"You must first give me a fortnight to buy a new gown, and have it made."

"A new gown!" said Sir Archie.

"A new gown," said Mrs. Hazelden. "I must have an excuse for bringing her here at first. I must send for a fine new dress, and borrow Hester from the castle to make it up. When you see me wear that gown you may ask for my opinion of your plans."

FAR WESTERN LAWGIVERS AND PREACHERS.

Of course there must be a legislature as soon as a rude territory is organised, and somebody must "run" for it, and somebody be elected in all the divisions to sit in the local parliament, and all who are so chosen have the title of "honourable." Indeed, it seems as if in these parts of the world every government official, except the policeman, has this handle to his name. It does not always follow that these honourables are the worthiest men to be had, any more than it always follows that honourable members of the British parliament comprise the flower of our British intellect; but one thing is certain, in the West, at least, and probably over the whole of America, that the legislature is almost sure to contain the wordiest members of society; for to speak, or "make a few remarks" on something, is absolutely indispensable to a Western man.

In the wilder parts of the settlements members of legislature have often been elected, not so much for their talents, as for being "good hands at poker," or "great on a spree," and one of these ("the honourable gentleman from Mariposa"), on getting up to speak in the California legislature, and essaying several times without much effect, was greeted with shouts of "Git out. Oh! git out." They mistook their man, however, for, as one of his supporters remarked before his election, "He ain't much on the speak, but jist git him mad once, and he'll give 'em fits." "Look ye here, gentlemen," he remarked, cocking a Derringer pistol, "ye may holler 'Git out, git out' as long as God'll let ye, but my speech is already begun, and the next man who shouts 'Git out' in the house will bring to his ears the ominous click

of small arms. What is it the gentlemen wish, and what would they have? Is my life so dear, or my peace so sweet, that it must be purchased at the expense of incapacitating a few on ye for military service? No, sir-ee! I know not what course others would take, but as for me, I will finish my speech or there'll be a dead senator found round these premises in about fifteen seconds by the clock." He was allowed to finish at his leisure.

The late Dr. Henry, formerly surveyor-general of Washington territory, among the many genial stories he used to tell, and which still keep his memory green, had one at the expense of his territorial legislature. A hotel-keeper in one of the fashionable towns in the eastern states used to stand at the head of the table and read out the bill of fare in what the elocution teachers call a "clear articulate voice," though there was a printed carte on the table. This irritated his aristocratic customers until at last one said, "Say, Cap., why do you read out the bill of fare? Do you think we can't read?" "Oh, gentlemen," was the reply, "you will excuse me, I hope. It is solely the force of habit. I once kept a ho-tel in Washington territory, and most of the legislator boarded with me, and I'm blessed if half o' them could read or write!"

It is a matter of history that when the convention met to form a constitution for California, and on the usual preamble being read, "that all men should be judged by a jury of their peers," an Oregonian, who happened to be a delegate, moved, to the great amusement of the other members, that the word "peers" should be struck out: "This warn't a mon-archy—there warn't no *peers* in this here state!"

Disgraceful scenes of drunkenness are sometimes seen in these legislatures, but in this they do not stand alone. One of the Californian members of the United States Senate is distinguished as "the sober senator," such a virtue being rather uncommon in the present Congress men from that state. Corruption in these state legislatures prevails to a frightful extent, and is so open that newspapers will even have the hardihood to give a list of the sums paid to each senator for his vote. In the more refined states official embezzlements are styled "pickings," but in the Far West and Pacific states plain English suffices, and they are well known as "stealings." More than once prominent government officials have asked me, while in social intercourse, how much salary I got for such an office. I would tell them. "Wal," would be the reply, "that ain't much for this country, but of course you have got your *little stealings*?" I was naturally rather inclined to resent the insinuation of robbing my government or employers of any sort, until they would assure me that they meant no harm. It was the regular thing there, everybody did it. "Why, sir, do you think I can support my family on fifteen hundred dollars a year in greenbacks at sixty cents to the dollar, or that I would come up to this one-horse place after

having a practice as a lawyer in Fresno* of ten thousand dollars a year, for that? I guess not!"

All members of these legislatures are paid, and get, also, a certain mileage, or travelling expenses, from their homes to the seat of government. This recompense, or per diem, as they call it, varies from about ten dollars to fifteen dollars a day, and is generally paid in the Pacific states in gold. The mileage is about twenty-five cents a mile. Now this to a Congressman travelling from Washington Territory, Idaho, Oregon, or California, comes up to a very round sum, and, indeed, is looked upon as their principal pay, always exclusive of the little "stealings" formerly mentioned. The local legislatures are limited by the state constitution to a sitting of so many days (and it would be well if the British colonial ones were under the same rule, for their unpaid twaddle is endless), and, of course, their pay only extends over that period. Sometimes they will finish their work in a much less time than the law allows for their sitting, but they have no notion of rising while their pay is going on. When not engaged in the ante-rooms of the senate hall in playing "monte," "cut-throat poker," "encore," or "seven up," they can pass the time in introducing "bogus," or sham bills, generally a divorce for some of their own number, or a rule to show why another should not change his name, the wit and decency of which, I am told, are very much in the style of an institution once presided over in London by Chief Baron Nicholson. When Oregon was poor and humble, her rough names for her rivers and towns were good enough for them, but when she got rich a bill was gravely introduced to change these names. "Rogue river" was to be called "Gold river," gold just then being found on its banks, and so forth. It would probably have passed, had not another supplemental bill been introduced, which provided that "Jump-off-Joe"† should be called "Walk-along-Joseph;" that "Greaser's Camp" should be called "The Halls of Montezuma;" that "Shirt Tail Bar" should be styled "Corazza Beach," and so on. This fairly laughed the whole proposal out of court; though, indeed, on the official map an attempt was made to keep up some of these elegant appellations, and to Indianise the more outrageous of the names. In the way of legislative joking, it is a well-known fact that when a bill was introduced into the Georgia legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a head upon all donkeys, a jocular member proposed to amend it so as to include "lawyers and doctors," which amendment was passed amid loud applause. Various attempts have been made to repeal the clause, but in vain, and to this day a tax of ten dollars is levied upon "all jackasses, lawyers, and doctors!"

In the Far West, as elsewhere, there are

legislators who are not too much in earnest. I recommend to some of our present candidates for British suffrages the following noble close to a Far Western election address: "Gentlemen," said the candidate, after having given his sentiments on the "constitootion," the "Monroe doctrine," and such like topics, "gentlemen," and he put his hand on the region of his heart, "these are my sentiments—the sentiments, gentlemen, of a honest man—ay, a honest politician, but, gentlemen and fellow citizens, ef they don't suit you, *they ken be altered!*"

To appear a "plain sort of a man" on these electioneering tours is quite as necessary as the Old World baby kissing and shaking hands with the washed men provided by your agent are with us. I know a Western senator who keeps what he calls his stumping suit—hoddie grey, well worn, but whole; shoes patched, but brightly polished; a shirt spotlessly clean, but frayed at the edges of the seams; and a hat which has seen better days, but in its well-brushed condition quite keeps up the air its owner is striving to assume—humble but honest. After a campaign is over, the suit is carefully put aside until another election in which its owner is interested. The worthy senator (who is rather a dandy than otherwise) has filled every office from governor to "Hog-reave," and considers that his suit of Humble but Honest won him many a vote. "Money would'n't buy it," he told me; "it ain't for sale *now how.*"

It is commonly supposed that General Fremont lost his election out West by dividing his hair down the middle. The Honourable Samuel M. has often assured me that on his first candidature for office in Oregon territory, certain of the baser sort "voted agin' him 'cause of his puttin' on airs" in respect of wearing a white shirt, or, as they irreverently styled it, a "boiled rag."

I have put the State in the Far West before the Church; for the Church there is of the future, although every place is not like Josephine county, where I was told, with a sort of depraved pride, "There a'n't nary preacher nor meetin' house in this yer county, cap'n."

In other places, where the preacher gets a footing, it is sometimes easier to get a "meetin' house" full than to get wherewith to support the labourer who is nowhere in the world more "worthy of his hire." A preacher in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for some church object. There were still some twenty dollars wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency, he plainly intimated, as he locked the church-door one day after service, that he intended to *have* that said twenty dollars before any of them left the house. At the same time he set the example by tossing five dollars on the table. Another put down a dollar, another a quarter of a dollar, a fourth half a dollar, and so on. The parson read out every now and then the state of the funds: "Thar's seven and a half, my friends." "Thar's

* A common name on the Pacific coast for San Francisco.

† A place in Southern Oregon.

nine and a quarter." "Ten and six bits are all that are in the hat, friends and Christian brethren." Slowly it mounted up. "Twelve and a half." "Fourteen." "Fifteen." "Sixteen and three bits," and so on until it stuck at nineteen dollars and a half. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and how long it might have lasted it was difficult to say, had not a half dollar been tossed through the open window, and a rough explanatory voice shouted, "Here, parson, there's yer money; let out my gal. I'm about tired of waitin' on her!"

The "Long Tom Creek" region in Oregon is settled by a very rough lot of people, mostly from Missouri. They are (even in Oregon) a proverb for the uncouth character of their manners, and it was thought quite a missionary enterprise when a devoted young clergyman from "the States" came and settled among them. Church was a novelty with them. It reminded them of old times "in the States." They built a little church in the middle of a broad prairie, and for a time it was crowded every Sunday. The backwoodsmen and their families used to come to church in waggon and on horseback. The men had on fringed buckskin breeches and mocassins of Indian manufacture, and the head covered with coon-skin caps, with the tail hanging in the form of a tassel behind. They would tie their horses up to the long "hitchin' post" in front of the church, and always brought their rifles to church with them, handy for any "varmints" which might cross their path going and coming. It so happened one warm Sunday that the church door was opened, and a backwoodsman who happened to be near it was gazing vacantly out on the prairie in front. Suddenly he spied a deer, close by, quietly grazing. Here was a chance! Slowly he took his rifle from the corner of his pew and crept out. His action was observed, and one after another followed, until nobody but a lame old man was left. By this time the deer was ambling over the prairie, and the whole congregation of men yelling and galloping in pursuit. Preaching was out of the question, for even the women and children were as eager as the men, watching the chase half way over the prairie. The old man and the preacher stood alone together at the door of the church. The poor clergyman, in despair for the souls of his people, and thinking that he would have a sympathiser in the old man, who alone had not joined in the chase, sighingly said, "Lost, lost!" "Devil a bit o't, sir; devil a bit o't, they'll ketch it. By jingo, they've plugged it! I know'd they would!" The young minister received a haunch, and brought the service to a close; but he was out of his element, and soon "went East" again, where he is in the habit of remarking, with unnecessary acrimony, that "the Oregonians are a very careless people in heavenly matters!"

In the same part of the country, at a place

called Candle Bridge, I saw a deacon preach. His sermon was not very remarkable for vigour, but I can vouch for it, that his squirting of tobacco juice over the pulpit rails was most forcible! I had noticed that for some seats next the reading-desk, the pews were unoccupied, though other parts of the church were crowded. After what I witnessed, I had no difficulty in accounting for the indisposition to sit under him too immediately. If the parson is sometimes rough so are the parishioners! At church in a little backwoods settlement most of the congregation were asleep. Suddenly a half tipsy fellow made an apple bump on the bald head of one of the sleepers. The preacher stopped and gave the offender an interrogative stare. "Bile ahead, parson! Bile ahead! I'll keep 'em awake!" was the ready explanation.

The following incident has I think been told before, but still it is so characteristic that it is worth repeating. In California a miner had died in a mountain digging, and, being much respected, his acquaintances resolved to give him a "square funeral," instead of putting the body in the usual way in any roughly made hole, and saying by way of service for the dead, "Thar goes another bully boy, under!" They sought the services of a miner, who bore the reputation of having at one time of his career, been "a powerful preacher in the States." And then, far Western fashion, all knelt around the grave while the extemporised parson delivered a prodigiously long prayer. The miners, tired of this unaccustomed opiate, to while away the time began fingering the earth, digger fashion, about the grave. Gradually looks were exchanged; whispering increased, until it became loud enough to attract the attention of their parson. He opened his eyes and stared at the whispering miners. "What is it, boys?" Then, as suddenly his eyes lighted on sparkling scales of gold, he shouted, "Gold, by jingo! and the richest kind o' diggins"—the congregation's dismissed! Instantly every man began to prospect the new digging, our clerical friend not being the least active of the number. The body had to be removed and buried elsewhere, but the memory of the incident yet lives in the name of the locality, for "Dead Man's Gulch" became one of the richest localities in California.

GOSSIP ABOUT IRELAND.

"ALTOGETHER," said the man with the white whiskers, "the place in which I spent the happiest three or four days I ever knew in my life was Ennis."

"Ennis!" echoed the man with the wide-awake. "I don't remember ever hearing anybody talk of it before."

"Precisely," replied Whiskers, "and if you told the honest truth, you would confess that you did not exactly know where it was."

"Well, I admit——"

"Don't be ashamed of your ignorance. In a few years your case will be all but universal. Ennis, my good friend, is the county town of Clare, situated between Limerick and Galway, and forced upon the traveller's notice by the circumstance that it is the point at which the railway from Limerick breaks off; so that the rest of the journey to Galway has to be performed by an old-fashioned stage coach."

"But surely," objected Wideawake, "the travellers from Limerick to Galway must be tolerably numerous."

"They are," was the answer; "but the greater part of them avoid the short road which takes them to Ennis, and, going first to Kilkee, which is now a favourite watering-place, work their way along the coast to Galway, so as to get a view of the famous Cliffs of Moher."

"Then what you see, when you travel via Ennis, is not so very remarkable?"

"Not in the least, and what is more, when you stop at Ennis, you find nothing remarkable there?"

"And yet you like it so much?" exclaimed Wideawake, with more curiosity in his countenance than usually accompanies coffee-room conversation.

"Precisely; and it was precisely because there was nothing remarkable that the place gave me such infinite satisfaction. I had been travelling somewhat rapidly from point to point, and was fairly tired of sightseeing."

"You had been to Killarney, I suppose, and, of course, you admired the lakes."

"I did greatly; but do you know I was selfish enough to wish that the admiration for them had been less general. A ramble about those lovely lakes, and through the Gap of Dunloe must have been very delightful when they were sought by a chosen few, who picked their way about, took boats where they could get them, and now and then stopped at a hovel to rest their limbs and to recruit their failing spirits with that panacea for all earthly ills, a tumbler of goats' milk and whisky. But I now feel that amid the wild scenery of Killarney one is always oppressed with conveniences."

"Good hotels?"

"Capital hotels. At the one on the border of the Lower Lake there is a sumptuous dinner à la Russe every day, and a well furnished drawing-room at which all the gentry assemble in the evening, and for these and other luxuries the charges are reasonable. For a gay party, bent on self-enjoyment, and filled with a fashionable horror of being dull, I know not any place that could be more safely recommended than Killarney, with its abundant accommodation. The necessity of taking trouble, or even thought, for the sake of the picturesque, is altogether obviated. At the bar of the hotel you make your arrangement about omnibus, car, or boat, and you are provided for accordingly, merely adding another item, by no means unreasonable, to your bill."

"Well, I can hardly make out whether you are grumbling or pronouncing an unqualified

eulogy," said Wideawake. "Your words are those of praise, but your look indicates dissatisfaction. Nor can I precisely ascertain the nature of your grievance. Surely, if you are so fond of going about in rugged loneliness, you can gratify your propensity with all the discomfort you so highly prize, and when you have had enough of voluntary inconvenience, take refuge in your elegant hotel."

"No, no, no," answered White-whiskers, impetuously, "that programme of yours is not to be carried out at Killarney, nor have I actually touched upon the convenience that I really find oppressive. No, my good sir, though I love a quiet coffee-room, like the one which we now occupy in this very unostentatious hostelry, where, after a certain hour, cigars are allowed, and one can enjoy a chat with a pleasant stranger like yourself"—(here Wideawake bowed)—"still I do not despise the dinner à la Russe, with its proper accompaniment of a choice wine list. But the attentions that crop up outside the hotels of Killarney, when you are really plunged into the midst of mountain and glen, are those that are to me pre-eminently distasteful. The guides, the guides, sir—the erudite in topography, the illustrators of the picturesque—these, sir, as far as I am concerned, become a weariness to the flesh. I am not unwilling that a man who knows the country, should show me the way to the choice spots, but I like not this man to expand into a procession. Riding on a pony is better than walking when you go through the Gap of Dunloe; but most disagreeable is a combat between two pony owners as to which has the best claim to your patronage, especially when it can only be settled by giving something to both. It is good when you are in a place noted for its echo duly to hear the curious repetition of sound, but you do wish to hear the experiment performed by the human voice; not by an indifferent fiddler, and three cannons fired at short intervals, especially when a fee is required for each separate performance; and you are more inclined than ever to lament your squandered sixpences when afterwards, on the Upper Lake you hear the echo which is associated with the name of Paddy Blake, and which is the best of all. A single brooch fashioned of the bog oak is all very well to take home as a keepsake for some esteemed friend, to whom it may recall the fact—no doubt highly interesting to him—that you were once in Ireland; but you don't want such a stock of brooches as would suffice to furnish a window in the Palais Royal."

"I understand all these grievances perfectly, but they do not scare me in the least," interrupted Wideawake. "You will perhaps despise me when I tell you that I am one of those easy fools, who, when they stroll through the streets of London, pitch a halfpenny to nearly every beggar they meet, and are therefore very properly regarded by magistrates as enemies to civilised society."

"Nay," warmly retorted he of the white

whiskers, "I am one of those easier fools who pitch a penny to quite every beggar whom they meet. I have no objection to mendicity when it takes the form of an appeal to benevolence; I do not even grumble if it seeks the aid of a little harmless fiction. But when mendicity takes the form of a right, as it does especially near the lakes of Killarney, my repugnance is excited. The guides evidently think that you are bound to be guided, and the vendors of bog-oak treasures that you are bound to buy. The old-fashioned excuse that you have no small change in your pocket will not suffice. In the wildest spots about the Gap of Dunloe money-changers are to be found who make it their business to furnish you with silver and copper enough to meet the most various demands. Then the sudden change from poetry to prose!"

"What do you mean?" asked Wideawake.

"Look here," pursued Whiskers. "Did you ever in the course of your life chance to become acquainted with a man whom you looked upon as the pleasantest fellow in the whole world, till at last you had something to do with him in the way of business which altogether reversed your opinion?"

"More than once. And what makes the change especially disagreeable is this: that while you are disgusted with the man of business, the same man, who was so agreeable when he had no business about him, still lives in your memory, and seems to reproach you with fickleness."

"Exactly," said Whiskers, with an assenting nod. "Well, the change, which in commercial affairs takes place gradually, is wrought amid lake and mountain in the twinkling of an eye. While the excursion lasts, your kind instructor is overflowing with poetry, anecdote, and fun—a regular child of song. He knows all the legends that belong to one place, recites to you the verses that illustrate another, and is to the land of wild scenery what the well-informed verger is to the cathedral; with this difference, that the latter crams you with dry history, while the communications of the former are most fancifully decorated. But——" He paused.

"Well?" enquired Wideawake.

"But," continued Whiskers, "the excursion comes to an end, and before you part with your guide, a certain settlement has to be made. Here a difference of opinion respecting the amount of gratuity is sure to arise, some extra item creeping into the account, which was not contemplated when your preliminaries were arranged; and perhaps some boy, who performed some inferior service, and whom you did not notice, turns out to be a retainer of your intimate friend, with a special claim of his own. Now, during the discussion of this difference all the fanciful and genial elements of your instructor evaporate, and a sediment of a dull, business-like form remains; all the more repulsive because strongly impregnated with a flavour of ill-humour."

"Wicklow, they say, is as much noted for mendicity in various shapes as Killarney," observed Wideawake, with an inquiring look.

"Certainly not," replied Whiskers, "as far as Glendalough is concerned, which, with its stone churches and round tower is the chief show-place in Wicklow, and one of the chief in all Ireland. There the only exhibitor I found was an extremely civil, respectable, and unobtrusive old lady, who lived close to one of the ruined churches, and who loudly repeated a scrap of Moore's poem about the austerity of St. Kevin and the sad fate of the too-loving Kathleen, citing with particular relish the lines:

Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

Nay, not only did she tell me how the druid used to go to the top of the round tower, and greet the rising sun with the salutation, 'Baal, Baal, Baal,' as I could find stated in my guide-book, but she explained to me the origin of a deer-stone, respecting which I was not blessed with similar information."

"What is a deer-stone?" asked Wideawake.

Well, the stone I saw, near one of the stone churches, was a fragment of rock, hollowed out at the top, so as to form a basin. The whole district is impregnated with legends of St. Kevin, as is Clonmacnoise, near the Shannon, which is likewise attractive on account of its seven churches and two round towers, with the fame of St. Kieran. It appears that the good saint, taking compassion on the sorrows of some orphan child, who had been left without means of sustenance, so worked by prayer upon a female deer that she came to the stone, and filled it with milk for the nourishment of the infant. The marks of the child's fingers and knees are still to be seen on the rock, and the miracle has another marvel in the circumstance that water is always to be found in the hollow, and refuses to be entirely dried up."

"A fine, strapping, vigorous child that must have been!" ejaculated Wideawake.

"Suppose that the marks were gradually made by a succession of children. Thus, you will at once increase the probability of the story and the compass of the good saint's benevolence. By the way, St. Kevin always seems to have been on as good terms with the irrational creation, as the inhabitants of the 'Central World,' of whom I once read in *All the Year Round*. Once, they say, during the season of Lent, when he had retired to perform his devotions in a solitary place, and knelt in a state of ecstasy, the birds perched upon his arm, which they found more motionless than the surrounding trees. Nay, one of them placed in his hand the first twigs of her nest, and so deeply touched the heart of the saint that, lest he might disturb her in her innocent labours, he kept his hand still till summer came, and the young birds were strong enough to leave their nest."

"Very extravagant and very pretty," said Wideawake.

"My opinion, too," said Whiskers. "It is to a similar good understanding between the saints and the creatures debarred of speech that the existence of those beehives that are so frequently to be found in Ireland are to be attributed, if legend speaks truth. St. Dominic of Ossory, crossed over to Britain to study divinity under St. David, the patron of Wales, who was the head of a most important seminary, and his stay lasted for many years, during which the beehives of the abbey where he resided were intrusted to his care. The bees not only grew extremely fond of him, but seemed to be perfectly aware when he intended to return home, for no sooner had the day come that threatened to part them from their darling keeper, than they clustered round him in a mass and refused to leave. Three times he attempted to carry them back to their cells, but the attempts were vain, for the bees persisted in following him to his ship, and at last the abbot allowed him to depart with his winged retinue."

"And these were the first bees that ever settled in Ireland?"

"Precisely; unless, with some, you prefer to treat the legend as an allegory, and consider that the bees were, in fact, British teachers, who crossed the water laden with the honey of pious doctrine."

"To return to St. Kevin," said Wideawake, after a pause, during which he had been looking exceedingly profound. "He must have been a man of very mixed character if he was so kind to orphans and birds, and yet so cruel as to give poor Kathleen the unlucky push, immortalised by Moore, which consigned her to the bottom of the lake, merely because she would not get out of his way. Do you recollect the words of the melody?"

"Certainly," replied Whiskers. "Moore had the very same idea as yourself with regard to the cruelty of the transaction. Thus sings he:

Ah, you saints have cruel hearts!
Stealing from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock.
Glendalough, thy glossy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave.

"If you go through the history of the early Irish saints, you will find in them a strange mixture of an ascetic repugnance to the fair sex combined with much tenderness towards them. Saint Patrick himself is said in the first years of his missionary career to have allowed male and female devotees to live together in couples in a sort of spiritual union, without apprehending any danger to their vow of celibacy, until a scandal, which arose in his family, shook his belief in what would now be called 'Platonic love,' and caused him to separate the sexes entirely. The mixed feeling is remarkably illustrated by the legend of two early devotees, Enda and Fanchea."

"Enda and Fanchea? Which is masculine and which is feminine?"

"You shall hear," replied Whiskers, "Fan-

chea was a holy woman, the head of a monastery, to whose care was intrusted a maiden of royal blood. Enda was a warrior of lofty descent, who passing the monastery, where he had just slain one of his enemies, was stopped by Fanchea, anxious to prevent further bloodshed. He argued, as a warrior of the olden time naturally would, that by destroying his hereditary foes he was but honouring his deceased father; nor was he convinced, when she told him that his father was suffering in the other world for crimes, which he had no occasion to repeat. He affected, however, to negotiate, and informed Fanchea that he would comply with her pacific request if she would give up to him the royal maiden confided to her care. Fanchea appeared to hesitate, and having desired him to wait for her answer, returned to the chamber of the princess, and asked her whether she would become the bride of Enda, or die in a state of celibacy. The princess replying that she chose the latter alternative was desired by Fanchea to rest upon her couch, and immediately expired. Fanchea, covering the face of the corpse, requested Enda to come into the chamber, and then removing the veil, asked him if he desired such a wife as he now saw before him? The warrior replied that the maiden was no longer beautiful, and much too pale for his taste. This gave Fanchea a cue for effecting Enda's conversion. He soon became her disciple, and assuming the religious habit, fasted, laboured, and superintended the workmen who were completing the monastery. In vain did his old companions come to see him, Fanchea made the sign of the cross, and they became as motionless as the pagan warriors who saw the head of the Gorgon on the shield of Perseus. At last, however, a skirmish took place at the very gates of the monastery, between some men of Enda's family and a band of robbers, and Enda, yielding to the native Hibernian instinct, could not refrain from snatching up his sword and pressing forward to take part in the fight. He was, however, checked by Fanchea, who exhorted him to touch his shaven crown, and remember that he was no longer a warrior but a monk. He did so; the sword dropped from his hand, and he retired peaceably to his cell."

"All this is very pretty and very moral," observed Wideawake, "but I do not see that it illustrates the mixed feeling about which we spoke."

"Patience!" exclaimed Whiskers. "I have not yet come to the end of my tale. To prevent further temptation Fanchea advised Enda to quit Ireland, and study at the feet of a saint who presided over a great monastery in Britain, adding that it would be time for him to return when the fame of his virtues had reached his native island. Enda followed her counsel, and, after a lapse of some years, some pilgrims from Rome, passing by the monastery, spoke of a saint of Irish extraction, named Enda, who was head of a monastery in Britain, and had become very famous for his sanctity."

Fanchea, delighted, hastened with three of her virgins to the coast, and, flinging her cloak on the waves, was conveyed on it, as on a raft, to Britain. But Enda was now an abbot, and his nature had greatly changed; so when Fanchea, with her companions, came to the door of the monastery, he gave her to understand that she might either see his face or hear his voice, but that to see and hear was impossible. She chose to hear, and a tent having been pitched, Enda, veiling his face, conversed with her. Thus abruptly the story comes to an end, and so must our discourse, for it is getting very late. Perhaps we can talk about Ennis another time."

DUEL FIGHTING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. FIRST CHAPTER.

MR. CARLYLE, in summing up the characteristics of the old French noblesse, gives them credit for having possessed one merit, such as it was: "a perfect readiness to fight duels." The authorities on the subject have recorded many curious stories. We will lay the authorities under contribution.

To begin with the time when the tide of revolution was on the flood. A certain young noble, M. de Servan, on taking leave of some court ladies to attend the opening of the States General in 1789, gallantly shook out his white cambric handkerchief before them, and said, "I shall bring you back half a dozen of those troublesome Bretons' ears." His first essay was upon M. de Hératry, whose cheek he stroked in a playful way. On being remonstrated with, he repeated the familiarity, and had his foot pounded beneath the Breton's heavy boot-heel in return. A duel ensued. The courtiers came in coaches and chairs, attended by servants bearing torches, to witness the reaping of M. de Servan's first crop of ears, instead of which they saw the unfortunate champion of feudalism, in the course of a few minutes, stretched dead upon the ground. Later, the noblesse are said to have leagued together, to get rid of the popular leaders in the National Assembly, one by one, by fastening quarrels upon them, and by systematically silencing their tongues and their pens by the skilful application of the requisite number of inches of cold steel. This was, however, too slow a method for the royalist Faussigny, who boldly proclaimed in the Assembly, that there was but one way of dealing with the ultra-patriotic party: "to fall sword in hand on these gentry there," meaning the members on the extreme left. Mirabeau, as has often been recorded, refused to fight until after the constitution was made, and used to content himself with observing to his challengers, "Monsieur, I have put your name down on my list; but I warn you that it is a long one, and that I grant no preferences." The Grange Batelière section prayed the Assembly to declare, that whoever sent or accepted a challenge, should be excluded from all future civil

and military employment; and one of the Paris journals published the proposed form of a decree, according to the terms of which every member of the Assembly fighting a duel was to be excluded from the Assembly; and any speeches he might have made were to be removed from its records, and publicly burnt." A writer in the *Observateur* went so far as to demand, that all duellists should be branded on the forehead with the letter A (assassin). Patriots who refused to fight duels had their names printed in large type in the patriot journals; and the company of chasseurs of the battalion of Sainte Marguerite passed a resolution to the effect that "they would present themselves in turn at the sittings of the National Assembly, and would regard as personal all quarrels provoked with patriot deputies, whom they would defend to their last drop of blood." Citizen Boyer, however, went beyond this; he was prepared, Atlas like, to take the burden of all these quarrels on his own particular shoulders, and actually opened a bureau on the Passage du Bois de Boulogne, Faubourg Saint Denis, where the preliminaries of these affairs might be arranged, and whence he wrote to the journals that he had made a vow to defend the deputies against their enemies. "I swear," said he, "that neither time nor space shall shield from my just vengeance the man who has wounded a deputy. I possess arms that the hands of patriotism have fabricated for me. Every kind of weapon is familiar to me; I give the preference to none. All satisfy me, provided the result be death." After publishing this pot-valiant and sanguinary declaration, he presented himself at M. de Sainte Luce's, who had an affair in progress with young M. de Rochembeau, whereupon this nobleman put the bragging condottiere out at the door. In nowise discouraged by this insult, citizen Boyer formed a school, and enlisted a battalion of fifty spadassinicides (bully killers), and wrote again to the newspapers, renewing his professions of courage, and his threats of vengeance.

While the duels between the royalists and patriots were at their height, Gervais, the maître d'armes of Viscount de Mirabeau (Barrel Mirabeau as he was called by reason of his bulk and his powers of imbibition) used to pass his nights in training young aristocrats to spit patriot orators in the Bois de Boulogne, on the coming morning.

At the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, scarcely a day went by without its hostile meeting in Paris, chiefly between the officers of Napoleon's army and those of Louis the Eighteenth's Body Guard, but also between the former and the various English, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian officers in the French capital. The Bonapartist officers would repair to the Café Foy, the rendezvous of Prussian military men for the sole purpose of picking quarrels with them; and, if the opportunity presented itself, they would insult English officers with equal readiness. Captain Gronow, known by his lively "reminiscences," who

was a dead shot, was walking with a lady in the Palais Royal, when a Bonapartist officer, a notorious duellist, after announcing that he intended to bully an "Anglais," proceeded to place his arm round the lady's waist. On being remonstrated with, he replied by spitting in Captain Gronow's face, and was instantly felled to the ground for his filthy impertinence. A meeting took place the following morning, the Frenchman bragging that he intended to add an Englishman to his list of killed and wounded. He fired, and singed his opponent's whiskers, and in a few seconds was shot through the heart. Gronow having afterwards to fight with the French officer's second, was content to wound his adversary in the knee—an act of forbearance which brought the captain no less than eleven challenges. The French Minister of War, however, interfered, and no more meetings took place.

One of the most celebrated of these duellists, the Count de Larillière, was a native of Bordeaux. He was at the time of my story a man of between thirty-five and forty years of age, tall, well made, and with polished manners; in short, his appearance utterly belied the good-for-nothing kind of life he was in the habit of leading. One day while he was walking with a friend, or, rather, an accomplice, in the most frequented street of Bordeaux, he saw approaching them, on the same side of the way, one of the richest and most honourable merchants of the town with his newly married wife upon his arm. When the young couple were within hearing, Larillière advanced courteously towards them, hat in hand, and with a smile upon his lips, and with all the outward semblance of a well-bred man, who is about to deliver himself of a speech of more than ordinary politeness. "I beg your pardon," said he, addressing himself to the merchant, who with his wife had abruptly halted, "but I have just made a bet with my friend, whom I have the honour of presenting to you," here he mentioned his friend's name and quality in due form, "that I will kiss your wife on your arm"—the husband, knowing the count's character and reputation, here became ghastly pale—"after having, first of all, given you a box on the ear." Saying this, the mercant, stared impudently in the face of the amazed merchant, who was, however, still more amazed to find, spite of all the resistance he could offer, both threats put into immediate execution. A challenge and a meeting followed as a matter of course, which resulted in the injured party receiving his death wound, and the aggressor going forth in search of new victims.

After proceeding for some time in this course, Larillière was enabled to boast of having killed no less than eleven individuals; of those whom he had merely wounded, he took no kind of account. He had fought altogether upwards of forty duels and was bent upon making up his dozen, after which he proposed to rest for a time, and to continue his practice with the new cavalry sabre, to which, as being a far more deadly

weapon than the ordinary small-sword, he had taken a strange fancy. This laudable desire of his was not destined to be realised, for he was himself killed in a duel, under rather strange circumstances, a few days after the death of his eleventh, and last, victim.

On the evening of a masked ball at the grand theatre at Bordeaux, Larillière was seated in an adjoining café, which he was in the habit of frequenting with the members of his own particular set. It was eleven o'clock, and our duellist, who had been for the moment abandoned by his ordinary companions, feeling in no particularly quarrelsome humour, was occupied in peacefully imbibing a glass of punch. Suddenly, a tall young man, wearing a black domino, and with his face concealed behind a black velvet mask, entered the café, and strode up to the table at which Larillière was seated.

None of the ordinary habitués of the café took any particular notice of the new comer on his entrance, as the masked ball, which was to take place that night, sufficiently explained his costume; but, no sooner was the mysterious visitor observed in the vicinity of Larillière's table, than all eyes were attracted towards him. Without a single preliminary observation he seized hold of Larillière's glass, threw away the punch it contained, and ordered the waiter, in a loud voice, to bring a small bottle of orgeat in place of it.

Witnesses of the scene say that, at this moment, for the first time in their lives, they observed Larillière turn pale. It was the common belief in Bordeaux that, during the fifteen years this man had been applying himself to the task of destruction, he had never once allowed his countenance to betray the slightest emotion. "Scoundrel!" he exclaimed to his masked adversary, "you do not know who I am," making, at the same moment, a vigorous, but unsuccessful, effort to remove the mask from the stranger's face.

"I know who you are perfectly well," coldly replied the unknown, forcing Larillière violently back with one hand. All present started to their feet, and, though no one among them ventured to approach the disputants, they contemplated, none the less anxiously, the issue of this strange provocation.

"Waiter," exclaimed the unknown, "be quick with that bottle of orgeat."

At this second command the bottle was brought: whereupon the masked man, still standing immediately in front of Larillière, who was foaming at the mouth with rage, proceeded to draw a pistol from his right-hand pocket. Then, addressing his adversary, he said:

"If in the presence of this company, and for my own personal satisfaction, you do not at once swallow this glass of orgeat, I will blow out your brains with as little compunction as I would those of a dog. Should you, however, perform my bidding, I will then do you the honour of fighting with you to-morrow morning."

"With the sabre?" asked Larillière, in a paroxysm of rage.

"With whatever weapon you please," replied the stranger, disdainfully. Whereupon Larillière swallowed the orgeat, with an expression of countenance as though it were to him the dregs of a bitter cup indeed, while every one present preserved a death-like silence.

The masked man, satisfied with the effect produced by his provocation, now retired: saying to Larillière as he did so, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the lookers-on:

"To-day I have humbled you sufficiently; to-morrow I intend to take your life. My seconds will wait on you at eight o'clock in the morning. We will fight on the spot where you killed the young Chevalier de C."

This was the name of the count's eleventh victim.

The following morning, Larillière found himself in the presence of a man no longer wearing a mask, and who appeared to be some twenty-five years old. The seconds by whom he was accompanied, were two common soldiers, belonging to one of the regiments stationed in the citadel of Blaye. The bearing of the unknown was collected and dignified, and singularly resolute. His seconds had brought weapons to the ground, but Larillière's seconds took exception to them, at which a scarcely perceptible smile passed over the stranger's face.

On taking his position, Larillière turned towards the second nearest to him, and said, in an undertone: "For once, I believe, I have found my equal."

The combat commenced. At the first passes the count was confirmed in his opinion, that he had to deal with a skillful adversary. However, his courage did not fail him, though there were times when he seemed to lose his accustomed composure. Lunges and parryings succeeded each other with rapidity on both sides. Larillière, desirous of bringing the affair to a close, had already tried his finishing thrust two or three times, but only to find his sword turned aside by his adversary's blade. Harassed at finding his efforts unavailing, he insolently remarked to his opponent, "Well, sir, at what hour do you intend to kill me?"

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the clash of the two swords. Then the stranger, who seemed to have profited by that slight interval to assure himself that the advantage of the encounter lay decidedly with him, quietly replied to Larillière's last question, "Immediately." Saying which, he thrust the point of his sword between the ribs of his adversary, who sprang backwards, tottered, and sank into the arms of his nearest second. Putting his right hand to his wound, the count said, with difficulty: "That, sir, is not a sabre cut; it is a thrust with the point—with the sabre I feared no one." In a few moments he fell back dead.

The stranger now advanced politely towards the seconds of his victim, and inquired if he was at liberty to depart.

"Will you at least tell us your name?" asked they, in reply.

Larillière's opponent proved to be one of the young officers of the garrison at Blaye. When the fact of the count's death became generally known in Bordeaux, many mothers of families actually had masses said, in thankfulness to the Almighty, for having delivered them from so dreaded a scourge.

After this detestable count's death, there sprang up in Bordeaux a tribe of duellists, obstinately prepared to contest with each other the succession to that vacant post of infamy, which the count had for several years filled without a rival. Among these aspirants were two, more audacious and resolute than the rest, who eventually remained masters of the field of action, and for five years rivalled each other in effrontery and temerity, with the view of obtaining the coveted title of "first blade." In this strange kind of contest, in which each at times gave proofs of a laudable courage, they displayed no lack of artifice to impart to their more insolent provocations all the importance of a great scandal. One of the pair, an Italian by birth, but resident in France for a considerable time, and recently settled at Bordeaux, was the Marquis de Lignano, better known by the simple title of the Marquis. He was rather above thirty-five years of age; of a small, thin, weakly figure; and with a repulsive, sickly-looking countenance. He was excessively nervous and petulant. The sound of his voice grated most disagreeably on the ear, and it was impossible to look at the man while he was speaking, with his head insolently thrown back, without conceiving a strong prejudice against him.

The marquis handled his sword like no other individual skilful of fence; his lunges were lively, jerky, in fact, singularly rapid, and commonly mortal. He recognised but a single rival; only one foe man really worthy of his steel. This was his intimate friend, M. Lucien Claveau, who for the moment shared his glory, but whom he hoped some day to kill, and so peaceably to enjoy the succession of the deceased Count de Larillière. The inhabitants of Bordeaux, victims of the turpitudes of this pair of spadassins, on their part looked forward with interest to a contest which they knew to be inevitable, and the issue of which would be their certain deliverance from one or the other scourge. Meanwhile, the Marquis and Lucien Claveau seemed on the most intimate and agreeable terms.

Some few days subsequent to a meeting which resulted in the marquis killing his adversary (and which made a great noise at the time on account of the peculiarly unjustifiable act which led to it), Lucien Claveau, priding himself upon his brute strength, and jealous of his rival's reputation, resolved to outdo the marquis in some more than ordinarily extravagant proceeding. For this purpose he went one evening to the opera, accompanied by a friend and accomplice. Claveau, having slowly scanned the different individuals seated in the stalls, fixed upon the

particular person whom he would insult, and then sat himself immediately behind that person. The curtain rose for the continuation of the performance, and when the audience were eagerly listening to the singers, Claveau drew from his pocket a pack of cards, which he gravely proceeded to shuffle: watching all the while, with a fierce look, the slightest movements of the individual with whom he was bent upon picking a quarrel. His friend having cut the cards, he dealt to his friend and to himself, and this pair of spadassins commenced playing a game of *écarté* on the crown of a hat, as unconcernedly as though they had been in the card-room of their club. Suddenly, and precisely at the moment when the principal singer entered, Claveau cried out so that the whole house might hear him:

"I mark the king!"

A loud murmur followed this untimely exclamation.

"Silence!" shouted the predestined victim, looking round at Claveau and perfectly unconscious of the fate in store for him.

"I tell you that I mark the king!" roared Claveau, darting back on him a savage glance.

"And I tell you that you are an ill-mannered fellow," was the response.

At these words the duellist rose, and, in the midst of the clamour raised by the protests of the audience, gave a sharp box on the ear to the unhappy individual who had ventured to remonstrate with him. Addresses were, of course, exchanged, and Lucien Claveau quitted the theatre perfectly satisfied: for the outrage had been as public as possible. On the following day the duellist killed his man, and thought himself entitled to share the marquis's honours.

When the latter was informed of all the details of the quarrel, he called immediately on Claveau to congratulate him.

"What you have been doing is certainly rather remarkable in its way," said the marquis, "but I promise you I will hit upon something, better still."

"That is hardly possible," replied his friend, "unless we ourselves were to fight, and——"

"So, then, you, too, think of this coming about between us, do you?" asked the marquis, regarding his rival languidly.

"One day or other, I fear, we shall be compelled to fight," rejoined Claveau. "We shall be forced to take the step, sooner or later, I fancy, in defence of our reputations."

"My poor friend, I hope not!" exclaimed Lignano, grasping Claveau's hand with an affection of tenderness.

"Dear old fellow!" responded the other, pumping up with considerable effort a hypocritical tear.

One can imagine a couple of hyenas, as they dispute in the night time over some dead body, interchanging such sickening expressions of sympathy.

"Ere long you shall hear me talked about," rejoined the marquis, on taking leave. Indeed

he was not the man to allow Lucien Claveau to enjoy his triumph long. He was resolved to outdo his rival, and in a few days, had decided upon his plan.

THE LITTLE INNS OF COURT.

A MAN may have taken a nap much shorter than that of Rip Van Winkle, and, on awakening in this present October of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, find himself a stranger to many parts of London. Say, for instance, that before his departure to the Land of Dreams, he happened to hold chambers in Lyons Inn. On returning to the Land of Real Life, he will probably desire to go home. But, although he have his latch-key safe in his pocket, he will be puzzled to find his outer door; his very staircase will elude his search; and, in fact, the result of his most vigilant voyage of discovery will be that the inn itself has no existence. True, indeed, it is that this time-worn and time-eaten institution has been swept off the face of creation—demolished with hundreds of surrounding edifices to make room for the new Palace of Justice, which one of these days will supersede the lodgings at present held by that impartial lady at Westminster. And now that it is no more, the question may well be asked, What did it mean by ever having been? And if the inquiry have interest in the case of a defunct inn, it may not be inappropriate as regards inns which are living, and show no signs of being otherwise—the little inns of court, in fact, whose relations to the inns of court proper are not very clear, and whose uses, except for the purpose of residence, are not easy to determine.

The inns of court proper, however, have an intelligible use. They are entrusted with the work of legal education, and supply us with our barristers at law. But the little inns, associated with the large inns, are "things that no fellow can understand," and the "fellows" who least pretend to the task of comprehension appear to be the persons connected with their administration.

We gather this impression from the results of an inquiry made more than a dozen years ago by a royal commission upon the subject of the inns of court and legal education. The recommendations of the commissioners, involving as they do very important changes, it has not been found expedient to carry out, except in a very modified degree. But the information given about the little inns is rather amazing.

Take Lyons Inn for instance, which has just been swept away. Mr. Timothy Tyrrell, called as a witness before the commission, told all he knew about the institution. Being asked what was the constitution of the inn, he replied indirectly that it consisted of what he "believed" to be either members or ancients, but which he could not say; he "believed" the terms to be synonymous. No other class of persons had been connected with

the society for many years. With regard to the functions of the society there "appeared" to be none. A member or an ancient had only to do with the property, being elected to that combined dignity before a conveyance was made to him. With regard to the numbers of these dignitaries the witness said, plaintively, "There are only two of us left now." There were no fines, no dues of any kind, the only payment made being seven pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence (per annum it is to be presumed) to the Inner Temple for a reader; but there has been no reader since 1832. He never remembered a reader there. On consideration, however, the witness modified this statement, and added, "I think there was a reader there in 1815. I think I was at home from school, and attended with my father once; that is the only one I can recollect to have heard of." There was a hall. The witness was sure of that fact. But the members never met in it. It was opened only for the use of debating societies. There was a steward, and also a collector, the latter of whom collected the rents of the chambers, which were private property. The rents were received by the two ancients, who paid no rents themselves. There were no pupils or students. He had heard of dinners of the ancients in the hall, but thought that must have been as much as a hundred years ago. There was a kitchen attached to the hall, he was certain of that; but he had never heard of a library. Returning to the subject of the reader, he said he had heard his father say that the functionary, whom he thought he remembered as a boy, "burlesqued the thing so greatly" that the ancients were disgusted, and never asked for a successor. The greatest number of ancients whom he remembered was five. They were solicitors, like himself, but he did not think it was necessary for an agent to be connected with the law. Except the sum paid to the Temple, he knew of no disbursement in connexion with that profession; and he thought that the money paid to the Temple led to the inference that there had been legal instruction. But his father's "impression" was that the property was private. He knew of no record of an original grant. His father, he said, incidentally, died worth a great deal of property in the inn.

Of New Inn we have a much more intelligible account. Mr. Samuel Brown Jackson, attorney and solicitor, gave an actual statement of the present constitution of that society. It consists, he said, of four tables. The "Head Table," as it is called, is composed of the treasurer and ancients, the one being elected from the general body of the other. The next table is called the "Round Table." There is a third table called the "First Mess," and another table called the "Long Table." The latter is for persons who are simply members of the society. Members must hold chambers, and ought to be proprietors of chambers, but the rule is not strictly adhered to. Each member pays a fee of five guineas to the steward, of which three pounds five shillings is for stamps, and enters into a bond to the

society. The steward receives the rents on the part of the ancients, who are trustees. The property is held under the Middle Temple, by a lease for three hundred years, dating from Midsummer, 1744, upon payment of a rent of four pounds a year. There are some conditions and trusts in the lease, one of which is that the ancients allow the Middle Temple to hold readings in the hall. The readings, however, ceased in 1846, the witness "believed" in consequence of the Middle Temple not continuing to send a reader. The lectures, when delivered, amounted to only five or six in the course of the year. The society has not now any provision for legal education of any kind. The witness knew nothing of any ancient documents throwing light upon the original constitution of the body. What documents there may be are "supposed" to be in the custody of the treasurer. There is no present source of income except the rents of chambers, which amount to eighteen hundred pounds or nineteen hundred pounds a year. The members are supplied with commons in hall by the society, during term, at a rate of payment less than the cost incurred. The nominal distinction of the four tables has ceased to exist in practice. The ancients dine at the round table, and the two lower messes are merged in one. The ancients have no duties except the administration of the funds. When elected, they have a set of chambers assigned them, for which they pay; and they enjoy the advantage of having the cost of their dinners defrayed from the funds of the society.

It does not appear from the above that the cause of legal education gains much more from the active conviviality of New Inn than from the "cold obstruction" of the departed Lyons. Let us see how Clement's Inn assists. Mr. Thomas Gregory, the steward of that society, described its constitution. It consists, he said, of a principal and an unlimited number of ancients and commoners, all solicitors. The principal and agents sit at the upper, the commoners at the lower, table; and the superior rank is recruited from the inferior, as occasion may require. The usual number at the upper table was nine, with the principal, and of commoners there were only six. The latter body have no privileges in the society except that of dining in hall, and paying for their dinners. What the privileges of the ancients are the witness could not say, except that they have the trouble of managing the inn. The society possesses no property but the chambers and the hall, which they hold in fee simple under trustees, among whom are several of the judges and vice-chancellors. The ancients have to qualify by buying a set of chambers, which they may sell again if the permission be endorsed on the lease. The income of the society, without the rent of chambers, is one thousand five hundred pounds a year. The contributions of the ancients average about twenty-five pounds a year. The funds are spent in repairing the inn, which is very old, and parts of it require renewing from time to

time. The witness had never known any surplus funds. With regard to the original creation of the society he was not able to afford full information, but he had seen papers relating to a period as far back as 1677, when there was a conveyance by Lord Clare to a person named Killett. Soon after that there was a chancery suit between Killett and the principal and ancients; and under the decree, part of the property (which was the part that Killett bought of Lord Clare) was conveyed to the inn. It was from that period that the society commenced its claim. "Have your documents been burnt?" asked a commissioner. "Yes," answered the witness; "and some of them we cannot read." The inn, he believed, was formerly a monastery, and took its name from St. Clement. The society was once in connexion with the Inner Temple, but he could never find any papers bearing upon the relations between the two hon. societies, "except," he added, "that a reader comes once a term, but that was dropped for twenty years; I think till about two or three years ago, and then we applied to them ourselves, and they knew nothing at all about it; the under-treasurer said that he did not know anything about the reader, and had forgotten all about it."

"Did you persuade them to send you a reader?" asked one of the commissioners.

"Yes," answered the witness; "they sent us three names as usual [this was the mode of proceeding which the previous witness said was once pursued in the case of New Inn] and we chose one; but then they said that the gentleman was out of town, or away, and that there was no time to appoint another."

This was certainly not encouraging to the society's efforts in the cause of legal education. But the loss does not seem to have been very great; for it appeared from a subsequent statement of the witness that the functionary in question, when attached to the inn, did nothing more than explain some new act of parliament to the principal, ancients, and commoners, there being no students in the society.

The financial arrangements seem to have been peculiar. The witness said that he had never known such a luxury as a surplus. On the contrary, looking back for a hundred years, he found that the ancients were always borrowing money; but on the other hand he found that they sometimes lent money "in order to pay certain things." There was a general cutting down of expenses from time to time, and latterly the principle was carried out to such an abject extent that the society dined together only once every term. When there were six dinners in a term the last day was called a "grand day," and then only was wine allowed—half a pint to each person. The inn, it further appeared, has no library and no chapel, but as a substitute for the latter it has three pews in St. Clement's Danes Church, and also a vault, where, the witness said, "any of the principals or ancients may be buried if they wish it." The society, he added, pay ten pounds a year to the

rector of the parish, in the absence of a chaplain of their own. The last question was in reference to the class of persons occupying chambers. The witness stated that they were men occupying public situations, "one in the Tithe Office perhaps, others in banks." There were no students for the bar; "they would consider it derogatory to live in our inn; no counsel reside there." Rather an humble state of things this, for a society designed for the promotion of legal education!

Staples Inn was the next institution brought under the ordeal of the commission. It furnished two witnesses. The first was Mr. Andrew Snape Thorndike, the principal. With regard to the constitution of the society, he said that it consists, besides himself, of ancients and juniors, numbering eight and twelve persons respectively. The qualification for a junior is becoming a tenant of the inn; and this honour is open to anybody, whether an attorney or otherwise. But it is by no means to be supposed that a tenant would also be a member. If he wishes to be elected he has to apply to the pensioner, the name given to the treasurer, who is selected from the ancients and manages the affairs of the society under the principal. The privilege of membership, however, does not seem to be very great. The member is simply entitled to dine in the hall, upon what terms let the witness explain:

"Does he pay for his dinner?" asked a commissioner.

"Yes," replied the witness, "he does not pay us anything; he only provides some part of his dinner."

"The payment is actually made to the cook?" suggested the commissioner.

"Yes," replied the witness, "we have nothing to do with it. If they (the juniors) choose to have a piece of boiled mutton of the commonest order, or a rich dinner, they can have it; but they pay for it themselves, and it does not all come into the accounts of the inn."

So it seems that a society for the provision of legal education may be conducted very much like an eating house.

There is some dignity, however, in the arrangements. The junior, it appears, upon admission subscribes to a bond, which costs him about twelve shillings, for the payment of absent commons, and as an engagement not to bring strangers to sleep in the inn.

The ancients, it was further stated, are selected from the juniors, who are called from time to time from the lower to the upper table. The principal is elected from the body of juniors and ancients by the ancients and juniors together. An ancient must be qualified by having freehold chambers, for which he pays full value. The chambers, it was added, which compose the property of the inn, have not been obtained from the inn itself, but they have been held for a couple of centuries; they do not all belong to the inn. There is a curious provision with regard to the tenure of these chambers, which was thus explained: "A person holds

them for his own life, and though he may be seventy years of age, if he can come into the hall he may surrender them to a very young man, and if that young man should live he may surrender them again at the same age." In the event of a surrender not being made, the chambers lapse to the society. The rest of the chambers are let at a rack rent.

We are further informed that the members dine in hall three days in term and three days out of term. The dinners of the ancients are paid for from the funds of the society, and as the society has a cellar they have wine upon the same terms. The witness could not remember any time when the inn had a surplus over expenditure, as it had to pay off a mortgage on the property of eight thousand pounds. He was not inclined to think that the society had any connexion with an inn of court. The only connexion of which he was aware between it and Gray's Inn was that, when a serjeant was called from Gray's Inn, that honourable society asked the members of Staples Inn to breakfast.

Mr. Edward Rowland Pickering was the second witness. He avowed himself the author of a little publication upon the subject of Staples Inn. He did not recommend the work as an authority, however, as will be seen from his answers to some of the questions addressed to him.

A commissioner (apparently referring to the work) said: "You state here that in the reign of Henry the Fifth, or before, it (the society) probably became an Inn of Chancery, and that it is a society still possessing the manuscript of the orders and constitutions?"

"I am afraid," answered the witness, "that the manuscript is lost. The principal has a set of chambers which were burnt down, and his servant and two children were burnt to death, seventy years ago; and I rather think these manuscripts might be lost."

The historian of Staples Inn seems to have improved upon the practice of the Irish gentleman who wrote the theological work, and then proceeded to look up his authorities; for he is quite content to consider the authorities as having had a probable existence at one time or another.

In reference to the statement as to the inn being at one time an inn of chancery, the author of the work was asked if he knew himself of any trace of a connexion between the society and an inn of court. His answer is peculiar:

"Certainly, I should say not. It is sixty years since I was there, boy and all."

And it is in this way that history is written—as far as Staples Inn is concerned, at any rate.

In reference to the association of the inn with legal pursuits or legal education of any kind, the witness knew nothing. In his time—and we have seen that he had been connected with the society, man and boy, for sixty years—no attempt in such a direction had been made, and he had never heard of the existence

of a reader or chaplain. He considered the inn a purely voluntary institution, and extra-parochial, because it had its pews in St. Andrew's Church taken away, and had never been able to get them back again.

The treasurer and secretary of Barnard's Inn, Mr. Charles Edward Hunt, gave some information concerning that society. It consists, he said, of a principal, nine ancients, and five companions. The principal and the ancients choose the companions, who must be solicitors and clerks in court. "We have two taxing masters," said the witness, evidently impressed with the dignity of the position. The companions are chosen when the principal and ancients so please. They never apply. One gentleman—contemptuously named by the witness as *a* Mr. —, had the impertinence to apply for admission in 1827. "Of course we refused him," said the witness, "and he applied to the court, and after some difficulty he got a rule nisi for a mandamus. It came on to be tried before Lord Tenterden, and Lord Tenterden said it could not be granted; that we were a voluntary association, and the court had no jurisdiction."

This infatuated man, it seems, based his claims upon the ground that the inn was an inn of chancery, and that he ought to be admitted as a solicitor. The privileges to which he aspired, however, are not very great, consisting only of the right of dining in hall, and the chance, under particular favour, of being made an ancient. The advantages enjoyed by the ancients are simply "their dinners and some little fees." The principal is the only person who is allowed chambers, and he holds his office only for a term of three years. The inn is a very old one, and the property worth only one thousand pounds a year, of which two-thirds goes for expenses. The society holds under the dean and chapter of Lincoln, by a forty years' lease, and it pays a fine of one thousand four hundred pounds, whenever the lease is renewed. One of the commissioners suggested that three hundred pounds a year—something less than the third of one thousand pounds—would give more than one thousand four hundred pounds at the end of forty years. The witness admitted the force of the multiplication table to this extent, and added, "We dine in hall; it is a kind of convivial party." He stated in the course of his evidence that the inn was in debt. It further appeared that the property had been held under the dean and chapter of Lincoln for nearly three hundred years; the last renewal was in the year 1848. This was apparent from the books; but there was no trace of the original holding. The witness could not find, either, that there had ever been any student of the law connected with the inn. "The oldest thing I find," continued the witness, "is that a reader came occasionally from Gray's Inn to read; but what he read about, or who paid him, there is no minute whatever." He may be excused for not remembering when the reader last came from Gray's Inn, for he thought it was about two

hundred years ago. There is no library to the inn. There were a few books, but being useless, they were disposed of. The inn had once a pew in the parish church, but shared the fate of other learned but little societies in this respect, and was deprived of that facility for public worship after a contest involving considerable expense.

With regard to Furnival's Inn, we find no record of separate evidence having been received; but Mr. Michael Doyle, steward of Lincoln's Inn, stated that the latter society received five hundred and seventy-six pounds a year for the lease of the former property, granted to the late Henry Peto, for ninety-nine years—five hundred pounds for rent, and seventy-six pounds in lieu of land tax. How Furnival's Inn was acquired by Lincoln's Inn he was unable to state.

The above is the substance of all that has been officially set forth concerning the little inns of court, and their connexion with the large ones, or inns of court proper. Their origin, as may be seen, is involved in obscurity, and their association with the offices of legal education has long ceased to exist. Originally they seem to have held a position in reference to the great societies analogous to that of the halls or hostels of the universities. But the machinery has outlived the purpose for which it was devised. It is notable that the representatives of the little inns all plead poverty on the part of those they represent, and, judging from appearances, there is no reason to suppose that much money is made from the rent of the chambers, or even from the mild fees which are occasionally mentioned. And in any case such matters seem to concern nobody but those connected with the societies, who claim to administer private property, and may be allowed, we suppose, to administer it in their own way.

If they like to call themselves principals, ancients, commoners, companions, or what not, to dine together in halls, and to cling on to forms which have no practical meaning, who shall interfere with their innocent enjoyments? These enjoyments, and these only, it seems the aim of their representatives to defend; for the little inns make no pretence in these days to meddle with legal education, and it is only in connexion with their former functions that they are liable to incur present ridicule. There is no reason, therefore, why they should not flourish as they seem to do, and their dignitaries revel in the delight of *governing something* which is so dear to Englishmen whose boast is that they govern themselves. They at least let chambers to persons who are very glad of the accommodation; and if they can gain personal importance from such useful functions the public, at least, have no right to complain. Success, then, we say, to their dinners in hall, and their assumption of any styles and titles they may think proper. One of these days the little inns generally—like that of Lyons—will probably be improved off the face of the earth. But pending their fate in the future, we may at

least give them credit for possessing some usefulness in the present, and some interest in connexion with the past.

LEAVES FROM THE MAHOGANY TREE.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

A FRENCH gastronomic writer of 1810 has left us a eulogy on coffee, which only a real lover of the berry could have penned. "It is," he writes, "a beverage eminently agreeable, inspiring, and wholesome; it is at once a stimulant, a cephalic, a febrifuge, a digestive, and an anti-soporific; it chases away sleep, which is the enemy of labour; it invokes the imagination, without which there can be no happy inspirations; it expels the gout, that enemy of pleasure, although to pleasure gout owes its birth; it facilitates digestion, without which there can be no true happiness; it disposes to gaiety, without which there is neither pleasure nor enjoyment; it gives wit to those who already have it, and it even provides wit (for some hours at least) to those who usually have it not. Thank Heaven for coffee, for see how many blessings are concentrated in the infusion of a small berry! What other beverage in the world can we compare to it? Coffee at once a pleasure and a medicine—coffee which nourishes at the same moment, the mind, body, and imagination. Hail to thee, inspirer of men of letters, best digestive of the gourmand—nectar of all men!"

When wondering what Frenchmen did before coffee, we must remember that tea in England, and coffee in France, only superseded long established and long venerated herb drinks and pisanes, also in their way refreshing, restoring, and anti-narcotic:—just as tobacco only superseded, by its superior potency and excellence, herbs long before smoked, or taken as snuff, in Europe.

The old Arabian legend of coffee runs thus. Some centuries before the Norman Conquest, a certain Arab shepherd watching his sheep on one of the green hills near Mocha (a port on the Red Sea, near the heights of Bab-el-Mandeb) which slope down towards the yellow desert, being wakeful for fear of the lions, observed that those of his sheep that fed on the shiny leaves and brown split berries of a certain bush, also remained all night wakeful, lively, and alert. The shepherd, watching again and again, and always observing the same effect, steeped some of the berries in water, and found they had the same effect upon him. Gradually (the laws of patents being then rather unsettled), the secret spread into the desert, and the new drink, cavy or cavey, became popular in the black tents of the wandering Ishmaelite.

In time, much as tea had been first used to drive away wicked sleep from the eyes of Chinese hermits, coffee became used by the holy men of Arabia and Egypt. There also arose a very hot and disagreeable controversy in the Mosques, whether coffee came under the ban pronounced by Mahomet against certain liquors, especially wine. The Cairo Mullahs fell a wrangling about this point of doc-

trine; and on one occasion, after an anti-coffee sermon, the pro-coffeeites and the anti-coffeeites fell to blows, turbans were knocked off, teeth were violently extracted, central tufts of hair were violently torn away, and many severe kicks and blows with turned-up slippers were administered to the less active of the followers of the true Prophet. But eventually the fanatical haters of the infusion of the Mocha berry, died out, or were bought over by sacks of the sinful fruit, and the East gave in, with one voice, its allegiance to the new beverage.

But many antiquaries contend, and apparently justly, that coffee (first generally used in Persia) was not in great repute in Arabia until the reign of Henry the Sixth. Thence it passed to Egypt and Syria, and in 1511 to Constantinople, where public coffee-houses were first opened in 1554 (reign of Mary). Lord Bacon, whose learning was so varied that he seemed to be "not one but all mankind's epitome," mentions coffee in his *Sylva Sylvarum* as a Turkish drink, black as soot, and of a strong scent, to be taken when beaten into powder, in very hot water. The Turks, he says, drink it in their coffee-houses, which resemble our taverns. Burton also mentions it later, in King James's reign; and no doubt Levant travellers had then begun to talk and write about coffee as a pleasant and refreshing beverage after food or after fatigue. In 1641, a young Cretan gentleman entered himself as student at Balliol College, Oxford, and introduced the new Turkish drink among his begowned colleagues.

In 1650, the year after Oliver became Protector, and grew more powerful than any crowned king then in Europe, one Jacobs, a Jew, opened a coffee shop at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxford. Two years later, Pasqua Rosee, a Dalmatian, from Ragusa on the Adriatic, coachman to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant who had brought him from Smyrna, opened a coffee-house (the first in England) by his master's wish, in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill. Pasqua Rosee's first hand-bill, headed

"THE VIRTUE OF THE COFFEE DRINK," claims for the new beverage (drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seigneur's dominions) all the virtues of a quack panacea; it corrected crudities (this was the medical jargon of the day; the hand-bill was, no doubt, written for Rosee by some half-starved apothecary); "it dried the system without heating or inflaming it; it fortified the inward heat, and helped digestion; it quickened the spirits and made the heart lightsome; its steam was good for sore eyes; it suppressed inward fumes, therefore cured headaches, and dispersed defluxions and rheums that distilled upon the lungs. It dried up dropsy, gout, and scurvy, it was beneficial to people in years and children with the king's evil. It was a great remedy against the spleen and hypochondriac winds. It prevented drowsiness and made one fit for business. It was neither laxative nor astringent, and it made the skin clear and white." Such were the bold assertions of Pasqua Rosee, the Ragusan coachman.

The vintners and tavern-keepers, and the men about town, who liked their fiery Canary and their strong French wines, were very angry at the new beverage. And the wits launched their pen-darts at Rosee hotly and sharply.

The Grub-street poet wrote some rough-hammered verses, which began:

A coachman was the first (here) coffee made,
And ever since the rest drive on the trade.
"Me no good Engalash," and sure enough,
He played the quack to salve his poison stuff.
"Ver boone for de stomach, de cough, de pthisick,"
And I believe him, for it looks like phisic.
Coffee, a crust is charred into a coal,
The smell and taste of the mock china bowl,
Where huff and puff they labour out their lungs,
Lest, Dives like, they should bewail their tongues.
And yet they tell you that it will not burn,
Though, on the skin, the blisters do return,
Whose furious heat does make the water rise
And still through the alembics of your eyes.

And, now, alas! the French have credit got,
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not.

There can be no doubt that there was at first a good deal of quackery and nonsense talked about coffee, and that what with the absurd injunctions to drink it scalding hot, and the ridiculous practice of holding the head in the steam to benefit weak eyes, the satirist and cynic must have had fair scope for their bitterness and sourness in the Cornhill coffee-house, over whose door hung a representation of the brown visage of Pasqua Rosee.

A penny at the bar, and twopence a cup—newspapers and lights included—were the early coffee-house charges. Some old rules in verse for a coffee-house wall, are still preserved. They enjoin a fine of twelpence for swearing, and a forfeit of a dish of coffee all round for beginning a quarrel or for toasting a friend in coffee. No wagers were allowed to exceed five shillings.

The second coffee-house, according to authority, was the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple gate, kept by James Farr, a barber. His neighbours grew jealous, and in 1657 he was "presented" as a nuisance, for having annoyed his neighbours by the smell of scorched coffee, and having set his chimney and chamber on fire, to the "general danger and affrightment." In 1660 the returned cavaliers were severe on the rival of wine, and a duty of fourpence was levied on every gallon sold. An act of 1663 directed all coffee-houses to be licensed; in 1675 there was a short-lived proclamation closing the coffee-houses as seminaries of sedition.

The enemies of the new Turkish drink accused it of the most horrible and baneful results. The old men lamented Ben Jonson's times, when men were men, and tossed off canary. A lampooner of 1663 writes bitterly:

These less than coffee's self, these coffee men,
These sons of nothing that can hardly make
Their broth for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion—not yet understood,
Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals or the book of news!

What moral lessons to the Chinese these struggles of new customs are! Were nectar introduced to-morrow to supersede tea, the same old story would be repeated.

Coffee was not introduced into France until twelve years after its first use in England. In 1662, Thénart, the Asiatic traveller, brought it to Paris, then heedless of its good fortune. It soon spread among the gay natives, but it had its enemies—the friends of beer, wine, and old customs. Delightful Madame de Sévigné, who died in 1696, used to predict that Racine and coffee would both soon be forgotten; but coffee “avait les racines trop profondes et tout le monde sait le profondeur de Racine.”

In spite of the venerable Arabian goat story, the real inventor of coffee was the great creature who first thought of roasting the berry. It is this process of carbonisation that develops the aroma and generates the oil. To make good coffee the operator must act (however unconsciously) on three grand principles of medicine and chemistry.

He must first learn that exact moment in roasting, when the odoriferous principle shall be at its climax, lest a livelier heat dissipate it for ever. He must obtain the liquid so concentrated that it contains unimpaired all that aroma which is its life and soul. He must carry on his manufacture, so that all the final principles of the berry, the harsh and astringent properties, shall remain undeveloped and unmixed with its finer essence.

These are great chemical principles which require a theoretical knowledge and a learned experience not to be expected from a mere hiring cook. Endless experiments have been made with coffee, to extract its full power and yet repress its baser properties. All sorts of findings have been used, beginning with sole-skims. It has been made without roasting the berry—without crushing the berry—with cold water—it has been made by boiling for three-quarters of an hour, &c. As the Japanese differ from us in grinding their tea (a very great economy), so the Turks differ from us in pounding their coffee. They do not use a grinding mill, but wooden mortars and wooden pestles, and the drier these instruments are, and the more impregnated with the aroma, the more valuable they are considered. Those of our readers who have gone up the Nile, will remember that dull continuous thump which used to rouse them from their narrow beds, at that early hour when the long files of cranes and wild geese on the low sandy shore, drawn up as if for inspection by the king of the birds, all looked like flamingoes in the rosy light of daybreak, that turned the pyramids long left behind, to little triangles of pale ruby. If they then peeped out at the front cabin door they will remember that while half the crew were in the Nile up to their black chins, shoving the dahabeeah off one of the incessant sandbanks, Achmed, the ship's boy, a great lubberly stalwart fellow of seventeen, was sitting crosslegged in the head of the boat, with a wooden mortar between his knees, and that

he held in his dusky hands, a small tree five feet long, rounded to a club at one end, with which he was pounding the close-grained berries.

Brillat-Savarin, tried the Turkish plan of pounding coffee, and found the result far preferable to coffee which had been ground. To illustrate the strange and unaccountable effects of different modes of chemical manipulation, he tells, in his suggestive way, an anecdote.

Napoleon (the Great Napoleon), like most Frenchmen, was fond of eau sucrée (sugarwater.) “Monsieur,” he said one day, to the celebrated chemist Laplace, “how is it that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar, seems to me so much better than that in which I have put the same quantity of crushed sugar?” “Sire,” replied the savant, “there are three substances of which the bases are exactly the same. Sugar, gum, and amidon. They only differ in certain conditions, the secret of which is reserved by nature. I think it is possible that in the collision of the crusher some portions of sugar pass to the condition of gum, and cause the difference which you have observed.”

Crushing coffee in the same way may produce some slight but beneficial change—may expel some element, or call forth some essence, which the grinding wheel does not affect.

Brillat-Savarin, after trying many ways of making coffee, settled down on a sort of percolator, the Dubelloy. His principle was to pour boiling water through coffee lightly placed in a porcelain or silver vessel pierced with fine holes. The first decoction was then heated to ebullition, passed again through the coffee, and a clear and rich brown liquid obtained with as full an aroma, and as near perfection as possible.

Dr. Forbes's plan (patronised by Mr. Walker, of the Original) was not very dissimilar. He first selected coffee imported in small parcels, coffee in bulk often heating and becoming impaired. Coffee should always be roasted and ground on the day when it is used, and when that is not possible it should be kept in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. The best mode of roasting, is in a frying-pan over the fire, or in an earthen basin placed in an open oven: the berries to be frequently stirred. The flavour of the coffee roasted in this exposed way, is said to be finer than that of coffee roasted in a closed cylinder. Dr. Forbes used a biggin with two cylinders—the one above the filter, the other below the receptacle. It was first rinsed with hot water, then the coffee powder was put in: a full ounce for every two cups. The measured boiling water was poured lightly in, through a movable colander. As soon as it had run through, the clear bright coffee was ready.

The French heat their coffee, when filtered, to boiling point, then fine it with fish-skins. The water they use, is generally first mixed with coffee grounds and boiled: otherwise it remains raw, and the infusion is not perfect. It is attention to these thoughtful refinements that makes French coffee so good; it is a stupid neglect of them that makes ours so bad. The rude process of making tea, the mere splashing in of

water, too often half-warm, on a handful or two of sloe-leaves and dust, suits our peculiar attribute: a barbaric indifference to the intellectual gratification of the appetite and digestion.

The old French way of making coffee, before 1805, was to put the powder in boiling water, to warm it over the fire to boiling point, then to take it off and let it settle, clarifying it with isinglass or fish-skins, and decanting it before serving. *Café à la Grecque* was passed through a pointed bag. But a certain wise man, M. de Belloy, nephew of the venerable Cardinal, who, in 1805, was Archbishop of Paris and the Nestor of the Gallican Church, at last discovered that the old plan was a bad plan. He found that coffee lost in the various boilings, its aroma, force, and spirit. The ebullition carried away further virtues, and the fish-skin and bag gave it a foreign taint unpleasant and injurious. Belloy took the matter seriously to heart, and in a moment of inspiration devised the percolator. He also took care never to let the coffee-roaster burn his coffee-berries, for even one burnt berry rendered several pounds of coffee, bitter and acrid. He never allowed him to roast it till it was black, and chose a golden blond colour rather than brown as his ideal. The *Café sans Ebullition* was patronised by M. Foulquier, proprietor of the *Café des Etrangers* in the Palais Royal, and soon became popular, thanks to the zeal of Dr. Gastaldi, an enlightened physician and profound gourmet of those days.

Ude, the great chef at Crockford's, used to allow one cup of coffee powder, to make two good cups of liquid. He poured boiling water into the biggin on the coffee, considering it equally infused when it began to bubble on the surface. He then placed the bottom of the biggin in a bain-marie, or vessel with boiling water, to keep the coffee hot. He used as a filter, a bag of thick flannel, as being better than tammy. His one rule was a true French one. He says:

"Coffee can never be too strong, and may always be diluted with boiled cream. Weak coffee is never worth drinking."

Ude could make coffee (as he used to do by request before Count d'Orsay, Lord Vernon, Lord Allen, &c.) better and quicker than any one, notwithstanding, as he writes pathetically, "the contradictions that I have experienced in the St. James's Club from some noblemen who have certainly made a vow never to be pleased, however well they may be served."

In 1805 French medical men strongly denounced the fondness of the ladies of Paris for *café au lait* for breakfast. It made them swallow and heated their blood; it was supposed by the faculty to be eminently bilious, and as unwholesome as *café à Peau* was beneficial.

It was about 1810 that it began to be observed that coffee was becoming a great article of consumption in France, especially in Paris; about that time it had already supplanted the *vin ordinaire* at the usual breakfast of the artisans, *ouvriers*, and even the mere street labourers. Those burly women of the Halle—the retailers

of herbs, fruits, vegetables, and fish, who had once followed the drums to Versailles—now began to be seen between the pillars of the *Rue de la Tonnellerie* at an early hour with great saucers full of hot coffee, in which they soaked great chunks of bread.

The amount of coffee supply, which had been found sufficient for thirty years before this, had now become quite inadequate. In Germany, and all through the north of Europe, chicory root began to be openly sold. In Flanders, vast fields of this plant were grown, to be dried, roasted, and mixed with coffee. In some Flemish villages more than a million of francs was annually realised by this. It began to be known in Paris about 1790, and it was found that two-thirds of the swindling powder could be mixed with good coffee, without fear of detection. The root, at all events, is harmless, and should be avowedly mixed with coffee, to lower its price; if secretly mixed, a paternal government like Turkey would not hesitate a moment in nailing the rascally retailer's ear to his own door-post. The cheat of chicory did one good thing: the grocers ceased to mix roasted rye with their coffee, and substituted the Flemish plant.

Before the Revolution, the French used to be fond of a pinch of vanilla in their coffee; but in the First Consulate time the great European wars prevented the fruit capsules of the precious orchis from reaching France by way of Spain. Some shrewd energetic epicures of a practical tendency soon found a substitute for vanilla. They took a handful of oats, and boiled them for five minutes in rice water. This water was then removed, the oats were boiled again for half an hour, and the decoction was then strained through a bag of thin muslin. This water, used for coffee-making, gave the beverage a vanilla flavour. This was the discovery of M. du Moulin, *maître d'hôtel* of the Count de Barruel de Beauvert. The vanilla coffee was found to cheer the mind, and to fatten without heating the body. Owing to the war, vanilla husks were at this time, in Paris, two hundred francs the pound.

In 1810, two Parisian chemists invented a *conservé de café*, an essence of coffee. Two spoonfuls made a four-ounce cup (ordinary size); it merely required to be mixed with boiling water and sugar. Coffee was then from five to six francs a pound. The essence was thought inferior to good *Levant* or *Martinique* coffee; but better than the inferior sorts. One of these discoverers, M. Lamerque, a *Bordelais* of the *Rue de Bac*, also extracted from coffee, an essential oil, balsamic and cephalic; he invented, too, a liqueur, which he called *the Cream of Mocha Coffee*, and coffee *bon-bons*, which were white, and of a tonic quality. Coffee was at this time much used by the Parisians to flavour creams, ices, and sorbets.

"Original" Walker, writing in 1835, strongly upheld the superiority of tea to coffee when travelling. Tea allays fever and thirst, he says, and coffee causes both. Coffee increases the natural fever of travel. The French, he observed, drank it at breakfast drowned in hot

milk, and after dinner took it *black*, but in a very small quantity. If an Englishman call for coffee in a French or Italian night journey, he wants a whole soup-basin full. He likes a draught such as he would have taken of tea at home. There is no doubt, however, that our workmen begin to prefer coffee to tea, and find it stimulate the circulation and nourish more than the infusion of rank Congo, or of that dark woody Assam that is now much used for adulterating and strengthening inferior teas. After all, do let us think of this: two breakfast cups of tea or coffee represent a pint of hot water poured into the ever receptive and long-suffering organ.

Brillat-Savarin, who, if he had not been a great gourmet, would have been an eminent psychologist, has most ably summed up the peculiar effect of coffee on the powers of the brain. The effect is sometimes modified by habit, but there are many persons in whom excitement is always produced. Some persons are not kept awake by coffee, and yet require its influence to keep them from sleep during the day: being sleepy all the afternoon if they do not have their usual morning coffee.

The sleeplessness caused by coffee is not painful; it consists merely in the perceptions being very clear, and there being no desire to sleep. One is neither agitated nor miserable, as when sleeplessness comes from any other cause; but that does not, nevertheless, prevent the unseasonable excitement from being eventually hurtful. Savarin recounts a special occasion when coffee had an extraordinary effect upon his brain and nerves. A certain duke, then minister of justice, had given him some work to do, which required great care. There was little time to do it in, for the duke wanted it next day. Savarin, therefore, resolved to work all night. In order to fortify himself against the desire to sleep, he finished his dinner with two large cups of strong and excellent coffee. He returned home at seven o'clock to receive the papers he had expected, but found, instead, a letter which informed him that, owing to some absurd formality of the bureau, he could not receive them before next day. Thus disappointed, Brillat Savarin returned to the house where he had dined, and joined a party at piquet: not without inquietude as to how he should pass the night. He retired to rest at his usual hour, thinking that even if he did not sleep well he might get a doze of four or five hours which would help him quietly on to the morrow; but he was deceived; hour after hour brought fresh mental agitation, until his brain seemed like a mill whose wheels work without having anything to grind. At last he got up, and, to pass the time, began throwing into verse a short English story he had lately read. As sleep still refused to come, he began another translation, but all in vain; the mine was exhausted, and had to

be left. He passed the night without sleep, and rose and spent the day in the same condition, neither food nor occupation bringing any change. Finally when he went to bed at his accustomed time, he calculated that he had not closed his eyes for full forty hours.

This great epicure closes his remarks on coffee by speaking of its strength. A man with a good constitution, he says, might live long, even when taking two bottles of wine a day, but if he dared to venture on the same allowance of coffee he would soon become imbecile, or waste into a consumption. He warns parents against giving it to young children, and mentions a man he saw in London "sur la Place de Leicester," who had become crippled by his immoderate use of coffee, but who had come down again to five or six cups a day.

The quantity of coffee imported into England in 1843 was twenty-nine million nine hundred and seventy-nine thousand four hundred and four pounds; in 1850, thirty-one million one hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and fifty-eight pounds; in 1857, thirty-four million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-four pounds; and in 1859, thirty-four million four hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and forty-seven pounds.

There can be no doubt that as our poorer classes learn to study cooking, and become convinced that good cooking leads to good appetite, and good appetite to good health, they will attend more to those refinements which remove coffee from the category of brown soup, and place it high among the most favoured beverages of the world.

Early in December will be ready
THE COMPLETE SET

OF
TWENTY VOLUMES,

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